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COLONEL JOHN CAMERON

of the 92nd or Highland Regiment of Foot

who fell in the memorable Battle of Quatre Bras

MEMOIR

OF

COLONEL JOHN CAMERON,

FASSIEFERN, K.T.S.,

Lieutenant-Colonel of the Gordon Highlanders, or 92d Regiment of Foot.

BY THE

REV. ARCHIBALD CLERK,

MINISTER OF KILMALLIE.

" . . proud Ben-Nevis hears with awe,
How at the bloody Quatre Brâs,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurrah
Of conquest, as he fell."—SCOTT.

SECOND EDITION.—FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

PRINTED FOR SIR DUNCAN CAMERON, BART., OF FASSIEFERN,

BY

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Note to the Second Edition.

THE demand for the "MEMOIR OF COLONEL CAMERON" having been such as speedily to exhaust the First Edition, Sir DUNCAN CAMERON, in order to gratify the wishes of the many interested in the subject, has issued this Second Edition. A few verbal inaccuracies, which had escaped notice in the first issue, are here corrected; and slight additions have been made to some of the Notes, but no material alteration has been made either in the Text or the Notes.

A. CLERK.

KILMALLIE MANSE, *August*, 1858.

From the Wellington Despatches.

"ORVILLE, JUNE 25, 1815.

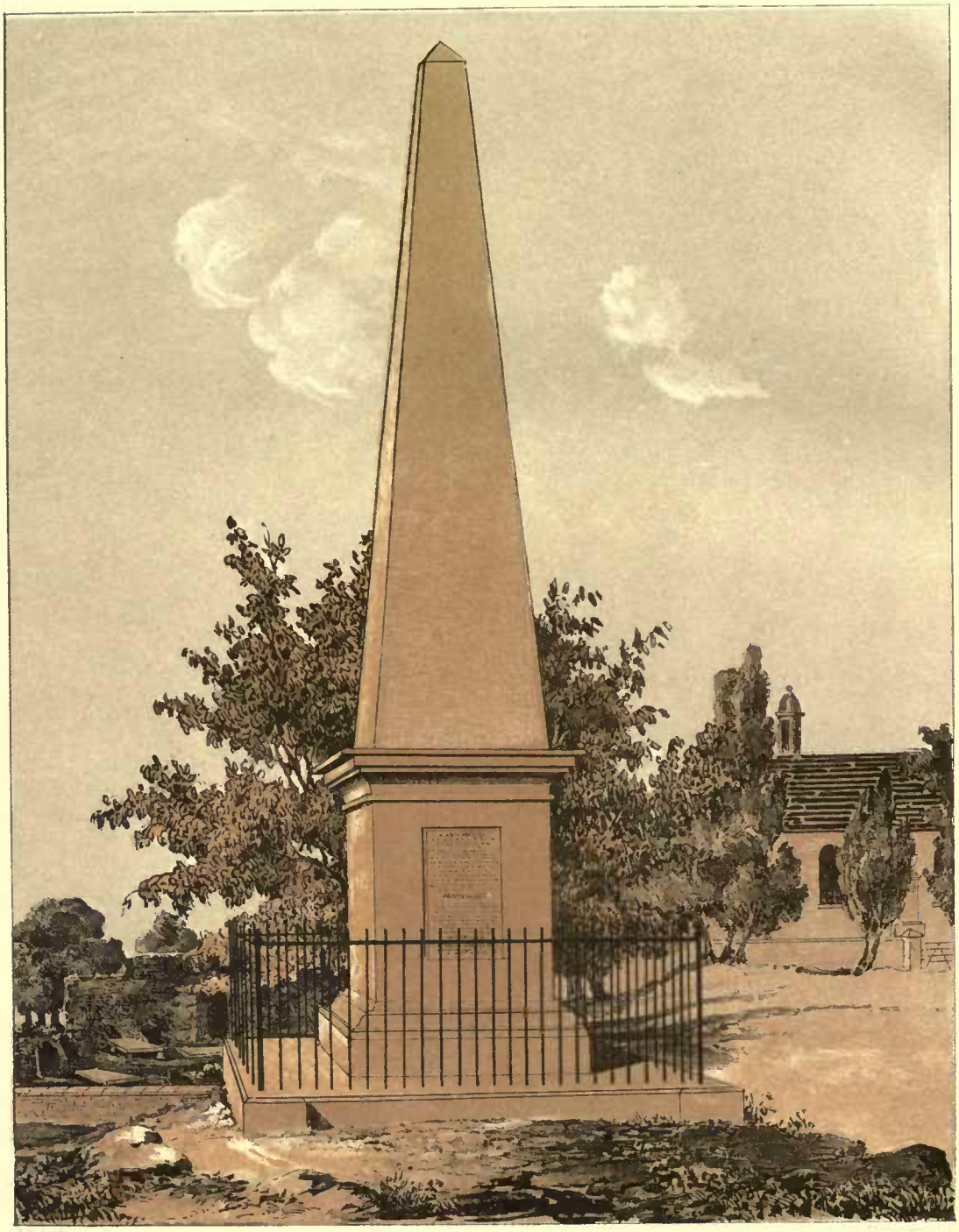
"YOUR LORDSHIPS WILL SEE, IN THE ENCLOSED LISTS, THE NAMES OF SOME MOST VALUABLE OFFICERS LOST TO HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE. AMONG THEM I CANNOT AVOID TO MENTION COLONEL CAMERON OF THE 92D REGIMENT, AND COLONEL SIR H. ELLIS OF THE 23D REGIMENT, TO WHOSE CONDUCT I HAVE FREQUENTLY CALLED YOUR LORDSHIPS' ATTENTION, AND WHO AT LAST FELL, DISTINGUISHING THEMSELVES AT THE HEAD OF THE BRAVE TROOPS WHICH THEY COMMANDED. NOTWITHSTANDING THE GLORY OF THE OCCASION, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO LAMENT SUCH MEN, BOTH ON ACCOUNT OF THE PUBLIC, AND AS FRIENDS.

"WELLINGTON."

MEMOIR

OF

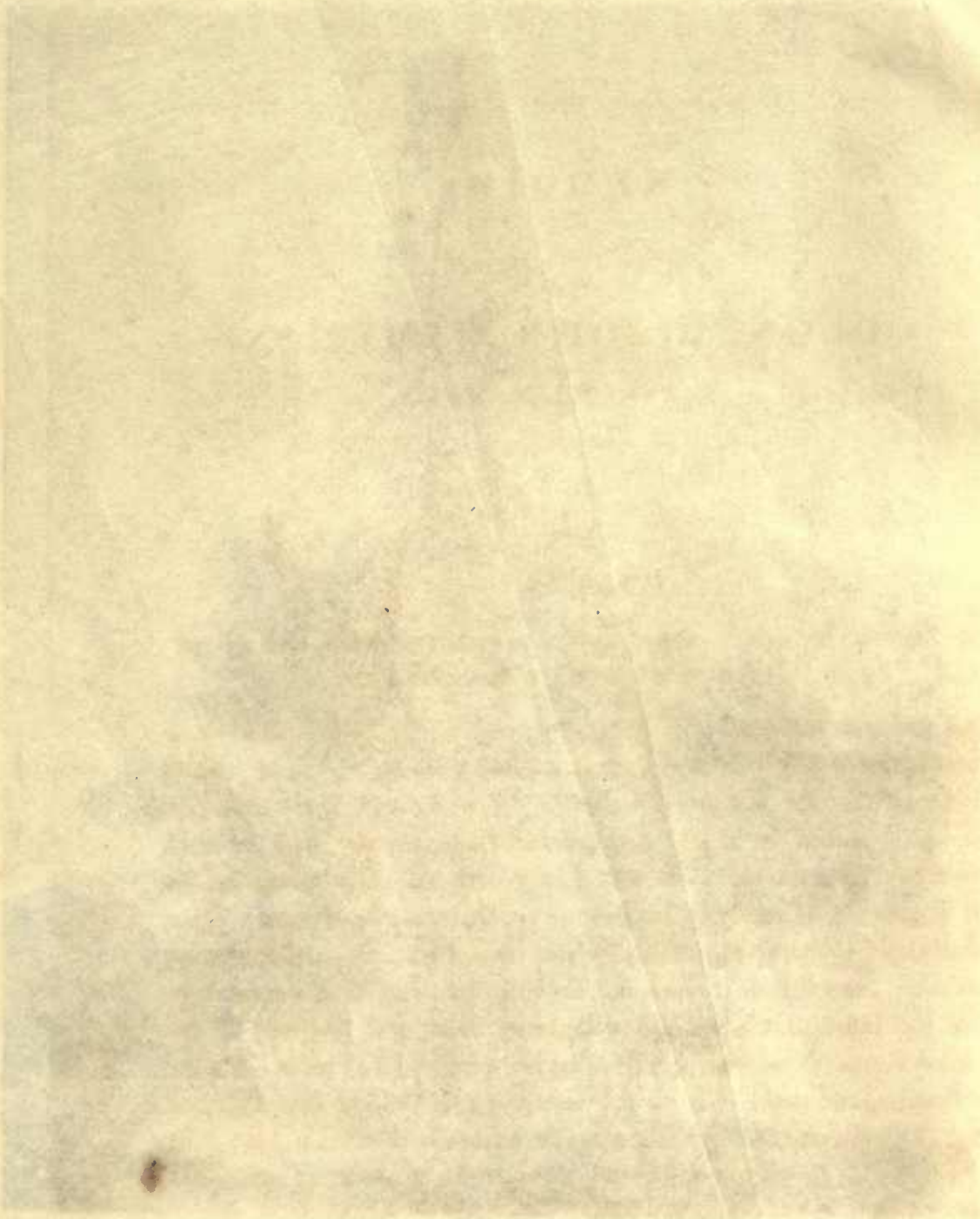
COLONEL JOHN CAMERON.



MONUMENT AT GIBRALTAR

IN MEMORY OF

COL. JOHN CAMERON OF FASSIFERN, K.T.S.



MEMOIR

OF

COLONEL JOHN CAMERON,

OF FASSIEFERN, K.T.S.,

&c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

MONUMENT AT KILMALLIE—BRIEF REMARKS ON THE CLAN SYSTEM, AND ON THE CHARACTER OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

THE stranger visiting Lochaber, on approaching the "Great Glen" from the south, will have his attention attracted by a lofty obelisk at a short distance from the opening of the Caledonian Canal. The situation is admirably chosen for a monument, commanding a scene, such as, amid the many, remarkable alike for beauty and sublimity presented by the Highlands, is rarely to be met with. On one side, Bennevis—"the monarch of (British) mountains"—rears aloft its massive and snow-clad summit. Immediately to the south, Lochiel, branching off at a right angle from the Linnhe-Loch, studded with green islets, and bordered by the wooded shores of Ardgour, winds its inland way for many miles. On the west again, and quite close to the monument, is the old churchyard of Kilmallie,* surrounded by truly magnificent beech trees, that have shed

* Churchyard of Kilmallie. Vid. Apppendix, Note A.

their leaves over the remains of many generations which rest beneath their wide-spreading shade. Far in the west the Arasaig hills rear their wavy outlines; and on whatever side the beholder turns his eye, he will see, rising from a foreground varied by plain, and wood, and water, mountain tops of towering height, and of diversified forms and hues. The "Great Glen of Scotland," lying nearly north and south, is here intersected by what anywhere else might well be called a "great glen"—the valley of Lochiel extending far to the west, and, on the other hand, Glennevis, which, from its prodigious depth and vast extent, is truly sublime, extending to the north-east. Strath-Lochy, on which the beholder is supposed to stand, is one of those "meeting-places of the glens" deeply interesting alike to the geologist, who thinks of the "earthquake shatterings" by which these mighty masses have been riven asunder, or to the lover of natural scenery, who is content to admire the varied forms of grandeur and of beauty, so frequently to be met with amid our Highland glens, and mountains, and sea-lochs, without inquiring into the causes that have made them what they are.

The inscription on the obelisk alluded to tells us that it is raised in memory of "Col. JOHN CAMERON, eldest son of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassiefern, who, during twenty years of active military service—with a spirit that knew no fear and shunned no danger—accompanied, or led in battles, sieges, and marches, the 92d Regiment of Scottish Highlanders, always to honour—almost always to victory; . . . . . and who, honoured and lamented, closed a life of fame with a death of glory."

This inscription is from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, who again and again, in poetry and prose, expressed his admiration of "brave Cameron," "the gallant Fassiefern." His fall was lamented by his great commander Wellington, on public grounds as well as on those of private friendship. The country conferred permanent honour on his family, in testimony of his achievements; and his name has taken a stronger hold on the Highland mind than that of almost any other of the many distinguished Highland

warriors who fought and fell throughout the great European struggle against the encroachments of France.

As an officer, combining in no common degree the most heroic bravery with great mental resources, who, in the words of no mean judge, rarely lavish of praise, Sir William Napier, "conducted himself gloriously," and was "by nature a soldier," Colonel Cameron well deserves to be held in remembrance. But more than this, as born and nurtured amid the influences of a system now past, and never to return—the Clan or patriarchal system—he combined many of the habits of that interesting olden time with those of modern days, much of the character of the Highland Chief with that of the British officer; and thus, could his life be fully portrayed, it would present many features of interest and of instruction.

Our materials for personal anecdote, and that minute delineation so desirable in a Memoir, are far scantier than we would wish. There are few of his companions-in-arms now living; and his letters to his friends have not been carefully kept. But such of his papers as are preserved have been placed at our disposal by his only surviving brother, Sir Duncan Cameron, Bart. of Fassiefern, to whom every statement of fact in the following pages has been submitted; and this will afford a sufficient guarantee for accuracy.

We cannot help remarking, on a perusal of these papers—which are of the most miscellaneous character, and extend, with many occasional blanks, over a period of nearly twenty years—through what a variety of strange being an officer in the armies of such an extended empire as that of Britain has frequently to pass; and what a remarkable assemblage of widely different scenes, and circumstances, and feelings, the records of such a life present to the reader after the actor in them all has long passed away. These papers before us contain, for example, receipts for various articles purchased in Egypt, and in Holland, for jewellery in Paris, and for horse provender in Drogheda. They speak of money expended in theatres in Spain, and of money given to poor soldiers, or to their widows and orphans

in the Highlands. They contain love-letters and war-letters, letters full of tender affection to friends, and of cold, stern formality to persons in office; or full of rejoicing at the success of companions who lived and prospered, and of grief for the many who had fallen during those years of constant and of bloody strife. There is, however, in them all, a remarkable strength, and freshness of home-feeling, for one who was engaged so long in such important events in far distant quarters of the world —an unfailing interest in all that pertained to family, kindred and country.

We shall endeavour, from the materials at our command, to give a faithful representation of the man, and of his actions; and though our Sketch must necessarily be a very imperfect one, we would fain hope that it may perchance prove the means of inducing others better qualified to give to the public, memorials of some of the many brave Highland gentlemen who, from the raising of the Highland regiments to the close of the Napoleon wars, fought and fell in the service of their country; for thus only do we expect that any amount of true light can ever be thrown on the past life of the Highlands. It is superfluous to remark that the few scanty records of that life, which were written while it was in actual being, are not portraits, but the grossest caricatures. Drawn up, either by Englishmen utterly ignorant of the language, and the institutions of the mountains, or by Scotchmen who, to the disqualification of ignorance, superadded that of bitter hatred generated by the constant warfare which raged on the border-land between south and north, these records misrepresent and mislead.* Such memoirs as we have alluded to, with an attentive study of the songs yet preserved, and of the traditions still floating in the glens and islands, might give a faithful, though now necessarily a faint conception of what the Highlands really were in the days of the Clans.

We do not propose to enter formally upon the task; but as the subject of our Memoir was—in the words of one who knew him well—the author of

* Appendix, Note B.

the "Romance of War"—"a true Highland gentleman," very much formed and fashioned by the system of things which made the Highlands what they were, we must, in order to make his character more intelligible, offer a few brief remarks on that system; and we trust we may be pardoned for some observations on the character of the people, at a time when the misrepresentations above alluded to are stamped by the authority of the most eloquent historian of the age.*

The essential feature of the Clan System, and that which distinguished it in its very nature from the Feudal, was, that it rested not solely, nor primarily on the basis of mutual interests and services, but on the deeper and more sacred one of natural affection, of the relation between father and son. The Chief, *ceann cinne*, or *head* of the *kin*, regarded the tribe as his children—the true meaning of *clan*—whose welfare was his chief care and object; and they again looked upon him as their father, whom they were naturally bound to honour and to uphold. We are well aware that the mutual recognition of this sacred relation permitted many deeds of cruelty and ferocity; but these deeds were common to every form of government then in existence—pervaded society at large. At the same time, we maintain that it did produce many scenes of tender devotedness and noble self-sacrifice, which were peculiar to the Clan or patriarchal system, and consequently that it helped to give, in many respects, an elevation to the character of the people, rarely, if at all, to be met with elsewhere.

The instances of clansmen conquering the motives that are generally thought the most powerful in determining the actions of men—even the love of life and the dread of death—in order to save the Chief, are too numerous and well known to require specific mention; but it is not even imagined, by those ignorant of the Highlands, that this devotedness was acknowledged as imposing a reciprocal obligation on the Chief. Such, however, was the case; and Stewart surrendering himself to his powerful enemy, Argyle; the Mackintosh putting his life in the hands of the

* Appendix, Note C.

Gordon, to rescue their respective Clans from ruin which could not otherwise be averted, are historical facts proving that it was so.

In further confirmation of this view, we refer to the songs of the Highland bards, of which, fortunately, many are preserved, though very many are irretrievably lost. Mary Macleod, who lived in the sixteenth century, Maclean, the Duart *Seanachie*, and Allan Macdonald of Uist, who both lived in the seventeenth century, as well as many others, have left us minute delineations of what a Chief was, or ought to be. In their writings we find, as might naturally be expected, prominence given to warlike qualities, to power or strength in every form—to mastery over the foe in the fiercest fight—mastery of the *birlinn* in the stormiest sea—of the horse in his wildest career. But we, at the same time, find many qualities extolled which are at utter variance with the popular notion of a Highland Chief, who is regarded as the embodiment of barbaric pride, and selfishness, and savage cruelty. We find hospitality to the stranger, compassion to the friendless, kindness towards all, and more especially "kindness to the tenantry," frequently commended. Then liberality to the "sons of song," accomplishment in music and in oratory, "a tongue to persuade the men," and a "mastery of knowledge," are mentioned in terms of the highest praise; while, in the elegy of Sir Hector Maclean of Duart, some stanzas of which are paraphrased by Scott in "Roderick vic Alpin duibh," the Chief is praised as one who "feared and loved the Son of God," and at whose table "God's book was read."

We know how utterly improbable all this may appear to many; but to the influence of Iona, which diffused "the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion" so very extensively, might be allowed some humanising effects in its own immediate neighbourhood. Such qualities as the above are frequently attributed to the head of the Clan; that, however, which we uniformly find placed in the foreground of the picture, that which forms the fundamental idea of the character, is attachment to, and care for the people; and endless similitudes are used to illustrate this idea. He is the

"head," the "shield," the "fortress," the "stay," the "sheltering tree," and the "haven of safety," and over and over he is styled the "shepherd," the "defender of the flock."

Let us make full allowance for poetic imagination, and for bardic adulation; let it be granted that the above characters are far more ideal than real, it will still be seen that such ideal was within the range of the Celtic mind, that such qualities were those appreciated and admired in a Highland Chief.

Notwithstanding all this, the notion that Highlanders, Chief and Clan, were notoriously savage, ferocious, and blood-thirsty, beyond any other race in Britain, has taken such a hold of the public mind, that it is almost a hopeless task to attempt its removal; and there are deeds of cruelty again and again quoted in proof that the case was so. We do not for a moment deny or palliate such deeds. They were ferocious and cruel, but unfortunately they can easily be paralleled by referring to the annals of the "bloody feuds" in the south of Scotland, to those of England in the days of the barons, to those of France while its nobles were in a great measure independent of the Crown, or to those of any other country where the defence of life and property is maintained by the individual, instead of being confided to the laws and the guardianship of the State.

And further, even in modern times, deeds may be proved against Scotchmen and Englishmen, which cast into the shade the fiercest and darkest instances of Celtic Clan vengeance ever recorded. The "Massacre of Glencoe" was devised, and delineated in its minutest particulars, by the "accomplished Dalrymple," and was sanctioned by William III., who, according to Sir William Napier,* "is the only general on record to whom attaches the detestable distinction of sporting with men's lives by wholesale, . . . and who fought at St Denis with the peace of Nimeguen in his pocket, because he would not deny himself a safe lesson in his trade." That massacre un-

* Penins. War. Vol. VI., p. 177.

questionably surpasses in cold-blooded atrocity, in all that is at once cruel and base, anything that darkens the annals of the Highlands.

Again, the conduct of English and Hanoverian soldiers and officers after the battle of Culloden, is likewise unmatched in Clan history. The burning of the wounded soldiers in the houses to which they had crawled for shelter, surpasses both the smothering of the Macdonalds in the celebrated cave of Eigg, or the oft-mentioned burning of the Mackenzies at Kilchrist; while the doings of English officers and soldiers, some weeks later at Fort-Augustus, where they held "races of naked women on horseback for the amusement of the camp,"* is of a thoroughly brutal character, such as was never laid to the charge of Highlanders.

The opposite picture presented by MacIain of Glencoe, in 1745, guarding the house of the murderer of his ancestor from all injury on the part of the Highland host;† or that in 1746, by the seven "outlaws," as they are called, of Glenmorriston, driven to the mountain and the cave by the burning of their homes and the plundering of their property, yet sheltering Prince Charles, with the full knowledge that his surrender would procure them untold wealth (£30,000)—these pictures, contrasted with the above, are not unfavourable to the Celtic character, as compared with the Saxon.

It is idle, however, to quote instances on either side. The truth is too obvious that deeds of cruelty are justly chargeable against all tribes and all races, until they are brought under the influence of the public law of the State. Nay, more, deeds of cruelty are chargeable against even all nations when engaged in warfare; and this is one point in which much injustice is shown by those who pronounce upon the character of the Highlanders. They forget that they were almost constantly engaged in warfare; and, moreover, they censure acts done by them, which meet with no reproach when done by others—when done on a large scale by nations. They who shot from the rifle-pits before Sebastopol were just as assassin-

* "The Forty-Five," by Lord Mahon, p. 125; or chap. xxix. of his History of England.

† Appendix, Note D.

like as was the Celt who shot his foe from behind rock or tree. They who plundered, and burned the Russian granaries along the shores of Azoff, were as thorough "robbers and reivers" as was ever Highland cateran when spoiling the fields or the folds of his foe, and destroying what was "too hot or heavy to lift;" yet "as one murder makes a villain, while a million makes a hero," we see the same deed reprobated, or applauded, as done by a small tribe, or by a great nation—the moral character of actions determined entirely by an arithmetical computation.

The Highlanders, rightly or wrongly, regarded their Saxon neighbours as invaders of their land, and with them they waged undisguised warfare —war to the knife, from sire to son. Then often, very often, the Clans warred with each other, and warred fiercely and sternly. But at the same time, the lives and property of friendly Clans, of all who were at peace with them, were regarded with as much sacredness as in any portion of the kingdom. Here, also, the songs of the people, of which, fortunately, many are in print, show us what the popular mind felt on these subjects. They often breathe a spirit of the most bitter vindictiveness against an enemy, and show exultation in the destruction of everything belonging to him; but robbery, as such, and more especially *theft*, are uniformly denounced as base and vile; and the last known instance of assassination from private vengeance—that of Colin Campbell of Glenure, by a Stuart, shortly after the '45—is, in the well-known elegy of Duncan Bân, execrated in the very strongest terms which the bard could command.

In determining what the character of the Highlanders was of old, considerable weight ought to be allowed to that which they manifest at the present day; for while they have changed, they have changed less than the inhabitants of any other portion of the kingdom; and that because infinitely less has been done for them by means of education, religion, literature, or commerce. Their country, with its pathless forests, and deep ravines, and inaccessible corries, affords facilities for the commission of outrage, and for concealment after its commission, such as are not presented

by any other part of Britain. Yet with all this, in the total absence of soldiers, and with a constabulary force, (if it deserve such a name,) introduced only a few years ago, crimes which are of every-day occurrence in the South, such as highway robbery and garotting, housebreaking, murdering, by poison or otherwise, are in the Highlands almost unknown.

This is not a matter resting on the authority of song or story, but clearly proved by the records of our criminal courts; and on their unquestionable testimony we venture openly to affirm, that there is not another country in Europe, where property, and more especially life, are held so sacred; clearly showing that the violence charged against the people of old, though not peculiar to them, was the result of the circumstances in which they were placed, and of the state of society in which they lived, but not of any inherent ferocity of disposition; showing, further, that the system under which they lived contained in it elements fitted to soften and elevate the character. These elements, when freed from counteracting and disturbing causes, have mainly contributed to produce the very remarkable order and peacefulness which, for a series of years back, have prevailed among the mountains.

The bitterest enemy of the Highlanders will give them credit for personal bravery; and while their Chiefs are frequently ridiculed for overbearing pride, we know not that the most vain-glorious among them ever claimed or received homage more servile or abject than is at this day, throughout the kingdom, offered to wealth alone. Then there was among them much of the *incorrupta fides*, held in such honour of old; and nowhere was the sacredness of a promise more religiously regarded, as is evinced by the Chief of Lamont protecting the slayer of his only son, because he had plighted his word to him, and by many similar instances. Beyond all question, the praise which they have obtained for their hospitality was well merited; its rights were fully acknowledged, and rendered with a gracefulness which doubled the value of the favour. Even to this day, some of the remnant of the olden time, to be found in secluded spots, consider the entertaining of

strangers not a duty only, but a high privilege, and manifest a politeness of bearing, a true courteousness of manner rarely to be found among any other people. It may be strange that in the words of Shakespeare—

> "An invisible instinct should so frame them
> To loyalty unlearned, honour untaught,
> Civility not seen from others, valour
> That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
> As if it had been sowed."

Yet it is true that "loyalty, honour, civility, and valour," did so meet in them as to form a character at once interesting, attractive, and excellent in no common degree.

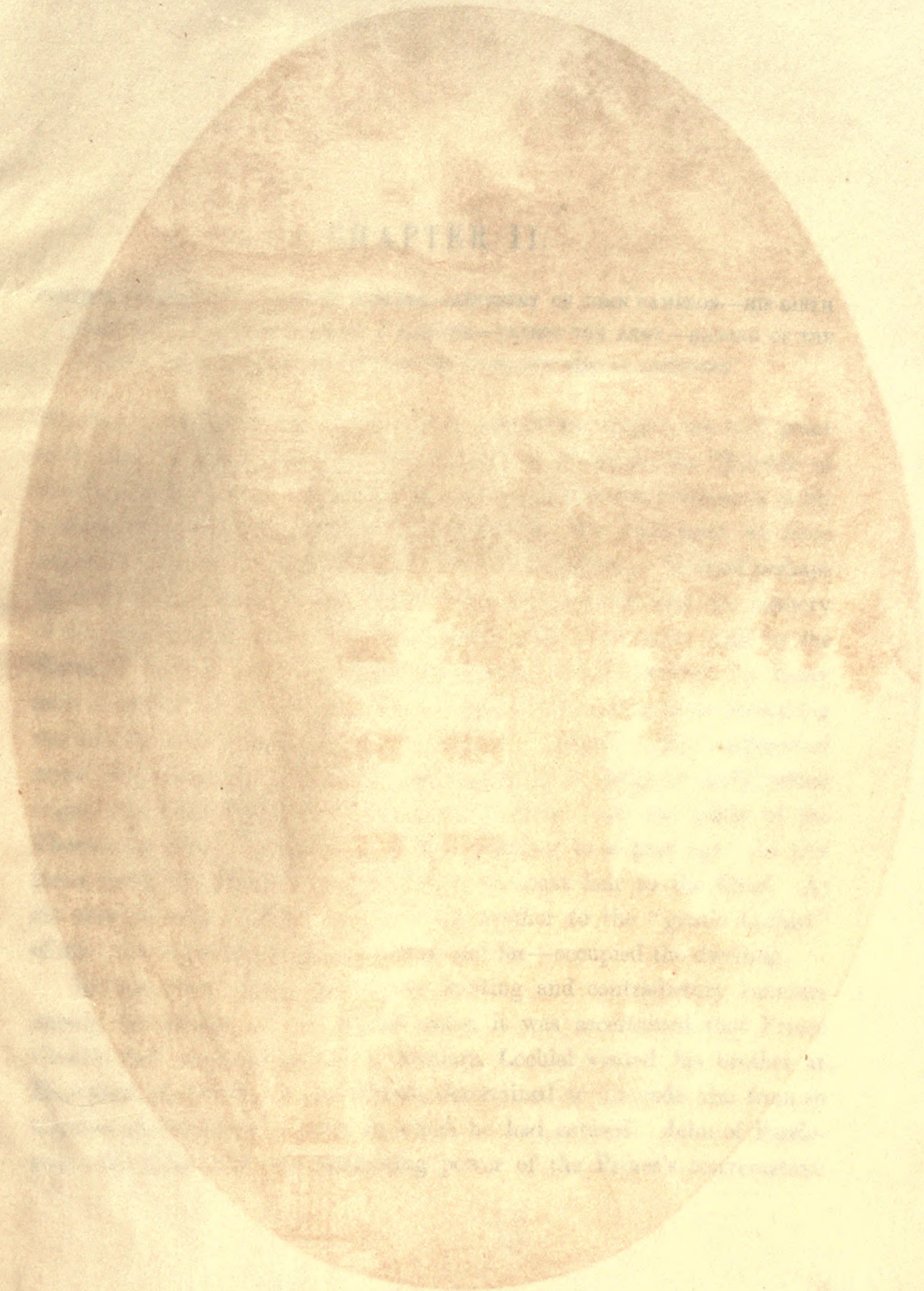
Lengthened as our remarks on this subject are, we cannot pass from it without quoting some of the words of the late Professor Wilson, regarding the past and the present character of the Highlanders; and he, above almost all other men, had opportunities of judging, having for many years mingled so freely with them, having scaled every mountain, and explored every forest, and traversed every glen, and studied every lake throughout the whole country, while at the same time he had a heart that could fully sympathise with the feelings of the people:—

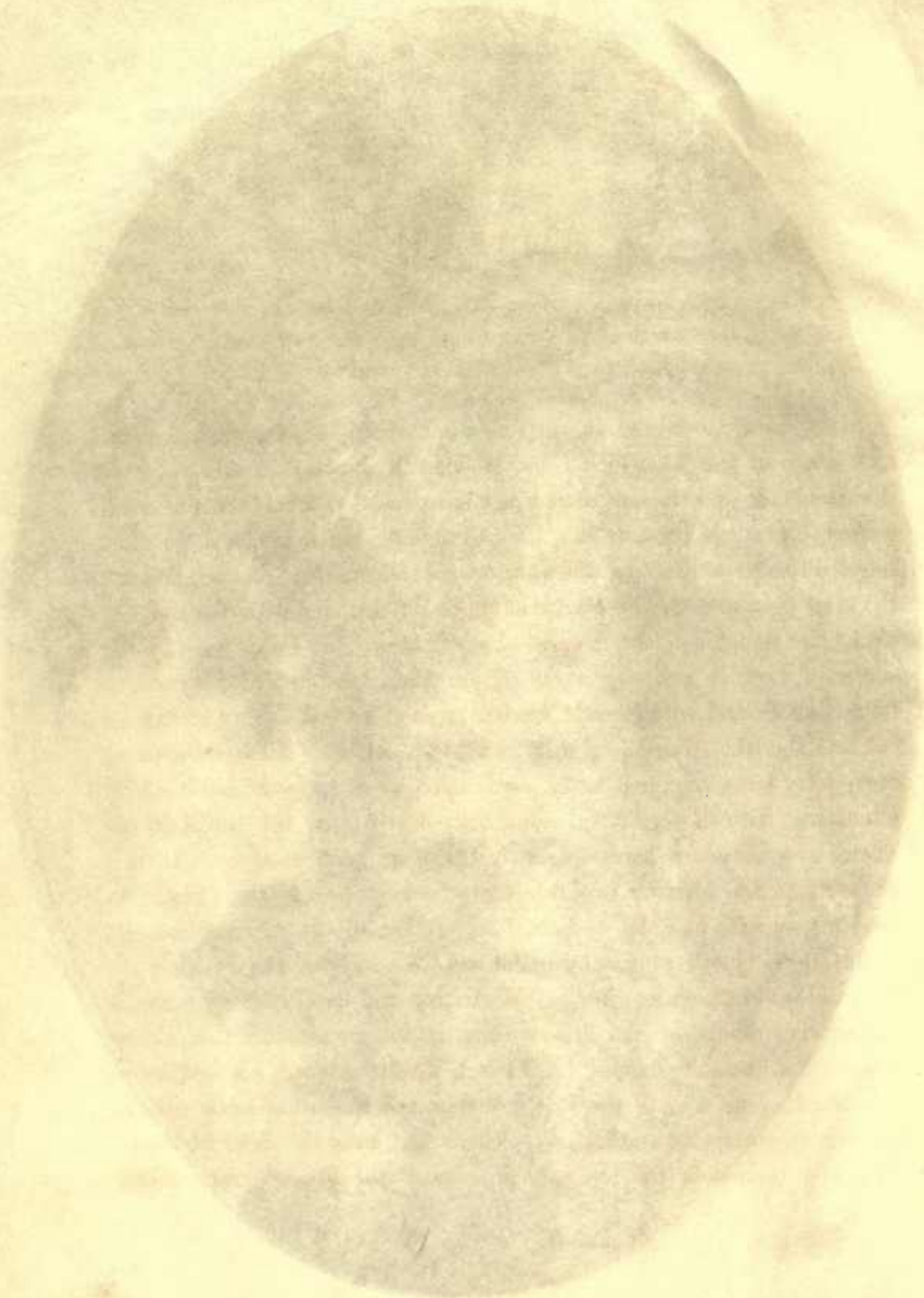
> "Time and tide
> Have washed away, like weeds upon the sands,
> Crowds of the olden life's memorials;
> And, mid the mountains, you as well might seek
> For the lone site of fancy's filmy dream.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The simple system of primeval life—
> Simple but stately—hath been broken down;
> The Clans are scattered, and the Chieftain's power
> Is dead.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Yet to far battle-plains still Morvern sends
> Her heroes, and still glittering in the sun,
> Or blood-dimmed, her dread line of bayonets
> Marches with loud shouts straight to victory.
>
> . . . . .

> The huts
> Abodes are still of high-soul'd Poverty,
> And underneath their lintels Beauty stoops
> Her silken-snooded head."

Again, writing in sober prose, he says—"We love the people too well to praise them; we have had too heartfelt experience of their virtues. In castle, hall, house, manse, hut, hovel, shieling—on mountain and moor, we have known without having to study their character. . . . . They are now, as they ever were, affectionate, faithful, and fearless." And he thus concludes his eloquent estimate:—"The time will come when we shall be able to contemplate without any pain the condition of a race who, to use the noble language of one often scornful, and sarcastic overmuch, yet at heart their friend, 'almost in an hour subsided into peace and virtue, retaining their places, their possessions, their Chiefs, their songs, their traditions, their superstitions, and peculiar usages, even that language and those recollections which still separate them from the rest of the nation. They retained even their pride, and they retained their contempt of those who imposed that order on them; and still they settled into a state of obedience to that Government of which the world produces no other instance! It is a splendid moral phenomenon, and reflects a lustre on the Highland character, whether of the Chiefs or the people, which extinguished all past faults, and which atones for what little remains to be amended. A peculiar political situation was the cause of their faults, and that which swept away the cause has rendered the effects a tale of other times.'" *

* Swan's "Lakes of Scotland," Vol. I., pp. 51, 52.





CHAPTER II.

FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF CLAN FEELING—ANCESTRY OF JOHN CAMERON—HIS BIRTH AND YOUTH—APPRENTICED TO A LAWYER—ENTERS THE ARMY—RAISING OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS—MUTINY OF THE LOCHABER MEN AT ABERDEEN.

To draw nearer, however, to our more immediate subject, we will point to a scene of the '45, which helps at once to illustrate the Clan-life of the Highlands, and the influences which surrounded Colonel Cameron in his younger days. If the traveller, after examining the monument we have referred to, directs his steps westward towards Glenfinnan—in itself perhaps the most picturesque of spots, and so intimately blended with the memory of the last struggle of the Stuarts—he will, after a few miles' walk by the shores of Lochiel, and over spots celebrated in local tradition by many tales of strife, and wild legends, reach a green and wooded point stretching out into the lake—Fassiefern, or "the Point of Alders." Here, embosomed amid lofty trees, and, till lately, surrounded by a hedge of holly, which might vie with Evelyn's "glorious holly hedge" on the banks of the Thames, he will see a house evidently belonging to a past age. In this house dwelt the *Tanister* of Lochiel, or the next heir to the Chief. At the time we refer to, John of Fassiefern, brother to the "gentle Lochiel" of the '45—so justly praised by friend and foe—occupied the dwelling.

In July, 1745, when, after many exciting and contradictory rumours among the friends of the Stuart cause, it was ascertained that Prince Charles had actually landed in Moidart, Lochiel visited his brother at Fassiefern on his way to the Prince, determined to dissuade him from so hopeless an enterprise as that on which he had entered. John of Fassiefern, who knew both the fascinating power of the Prince's conversation,

and the chivalrous character of his brother, strongly urged him to return home to Achnacarry, foretelling what the result of a personal interview would be. The Chief, however, felt himself bound in honour to proceed, and Fassiefern, clearly foreseeing the disastrous end of the rising, which most of the Highland gentlemen considered hopeless from the first, offered himself to visit the Prince, to raise the Camerons, and to *expose himself* to the consequences; but entreated his brother to remain at home, so that the remnant of the Clan might be preserved, its head being safe. Lochiel, however, went forward, and, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "his sagacity was overpowered by his sense of what he esteemed honour and loyalty, which induced him to front the prospect of ruin, with a disinterested devotion, not unworthy the best days of chivalry." He adds, "His decision was the signal for the commencement of the rebellion; for it was generally understood that there was not a Chief in the Highlands who would have risen had Lochiel maintained his pacific purpose."

It is well known that Lochiel did not maintain his "pacific purpose:" that he became the very head and hand of that singular enterprise, the history of which now reads like a romance of far distant days, an enterprise which, according to all calculation, was unfitted to wrest even one stronghold from the British Government, which yet scattered regular troops like very chaff, and marched onwards triumphantly so far as to fill with terror even the dwellers in the securest recesses of London—terror, the effects of which are visited by some upon the Highlanders to this day. But, gallant as were the achievements of that small and devoted band, both in Scotland and England, the dark day of Culloden witnessed the complete overthrow of the last hope of the Stuarts, and the complete "scattering of the Clans." The ultimate effects, it is very needless to say, were most beneficial to every portion of the kingdom; but the conduct of the conquerors, for a considerable time after the battle, was such as neither friend nor foe would now wish to dwell upon; certainly it was as savage as any ever charged against the Clans.

We refer to these things, however, only to point out the influences which surrounded the subject of our Memoir in the days of his youth, and necessarily moulded and fashioned his character. He was the grandson of this "John of Fassiefern," whose devotedness to Chief and Clan we have mentioned, who lived till his grandson was fourteen years of age, and this must naturally have impressed upon him the views and feelings of the olden time.

"The gentle Lochiel" lived and died an exile in France. Another brother, Dr Archibald Cameron, was, for some unexplained cause, seized by the Government as late as 1752, and executed in London;* John of Fassiefern was imprisoned for a period of seven years, exiled for another term; but more fortunate than his brothers, was allowed to return to his native land, and to end his days in peace at Fassiefern.

His eldest son, Ewen, afterwards Sir Ewen, occupied the family property of Inverscadale (now belonging to MacLean of Ardgour), situated on the western shores of the Linnhe-Loch, and in the opening of one of the many great glens which give such an aspect of ever-varying grandeur to this whole district of country. Glenscadale is one of the widest of these openings, and displays many of the attributes of a Highland glen in their most striking features. A river, now forming deep and eddying pools, now rushing impetuously over falls and rapids, bold and rugged rocks, riven into many seams and fissures, brown shoulders of hills, skirted with the waving birch (which next to the mountain pine is the tree most characteristic of the Highlands), and covered with heather to the very summit—these hills again divided by deep ravines and chasms, the edges of which are invariably fringed by the birch, mingled with the pale hazel, and strong-branched mountain ash; while, in singular contrast to all around, a massive hill, clothed with green to the very summit, and forming quite a table-land, rises up in the centre of the valley, dividing it into two distinct glens, which stretch far away, amid the mass of mountains that make up the wild background to the scene.

* Appendix, Note E.

At Inverscadale, Ewen of Fassiefern lived, and there, on the 16th August, 1771, was born the subject of our notice. His mother was Lucy Campbell, daughter of Campbell of Barcaldine. The family consisted of Mary, afterwards married to M'Donald, or MacIain, of Glencoe; Jean, married to M'Neill of Barra, and Chief of that Clan; John, the subject of our Memoir; Catherine, married to M'Pherson of Cluny M'Pherson, likewise Chief of his Clan; Duncan, now Baronet of Fassiefern; and Peter, subsequently commander of the "Balcarras," East Indiaman. Sir Duncan alone survives.

John was nursed by Mrs M'Millan, the wife of one of his father's tenants, whose son, Ewen M'Millan, the foster brother, attended him in youth, followed him faithfully through the wars, and was beside him when,

> "At bloody Quatre Brâs,
> Brave Cameron heard the wild hurrah
> Of conquest, as he fell."

The family removed from Inverscadale to Fassiefern, on the shores of Lochiel, which we have already noticed as their ancient dwelling-place, care being taken to provide a holding for old M'Millan in Glendessarie, at the head of Loch Arkaig, a place still unknown to tourists, but in many respects equalling, if not surpassing, the most attractive scenes frequented by them.

John Cameron grew up here amid external scenery well fitted to make a deep and lasting impression on his mind; but it is to the moral influences which surrounded him that we particularly direct attention. His grandfather, who bore such an important part in all that concerned the '45, naturally took the deepest interest in him who was the heir of his house, and who bore his name. Then, very many others belonging to the olden time were around him, for he was born within twenty-six years of the '45; and though the Clan System had been proscribed by law before his birth, the "heritable jurisdictions" abolished, the Clans disarmed, and every attempt made to assimilate Highland habits to those of the Lowlands, it

need scarcely be said that legislative enactments are unable to change, of a sudden, long-established customs, far less to cradicate deeply-cherished feelings, and deeply-seated principles. In illustration of this, we mention one instance of remarkable fidelity and devotedness on the part of the "Cameron men" to which he was witness, and in which all his friends were concerned. Their country was ravaged by Cumberland's soldiers, as all the neighbouring districts were; houses were burned, and even trees were wantonly set on fire, or split asunder with gunpowder—some scarred and scathed trunks at Achnacarry still manifest the traces; but the attention of the soldiery was chiefly directed to plunder, and they swept the district of everything they could convert into money, cattle, horses, sheep, and goats. The people saved a remnant by driving them to the most inaccessible fastnesses, among the remotest mountains; and there are old men still living who point out those deep crater, or cauldron-shaped *corries*, in which the cattle were hidden, and the caves where women and children sought shelter and concealment, while the plundering and slaying lasted.

After the establishment of civil rule, the people were allowed to return to their former places of abode, to rebuild their ruined huts, and to replant their desolated patches of crop-land. The Government received them as their own tenants, exacting rent from them—in justice let it be said—a moderate and reasonable rent. They cheerfully paid it; but impoverished as they were by the spoliation of the soldiery, they remitted a *second rent regularly and faithfully* to Lochiel in France.* The one rent they paid in deference to law, the other in deference to feelings and principles having a deeper seat, and a more indestructible character than any human law could bestow—principles which had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, which no human authority could enhance, and which no adverse circumstances could overthrow.

John Cameron witnessed all these things in his younger days. Further,

* Appendix, Note F.

he saw these faithful and generous clansmen coming, in every difficulty and emergency, to seek counsel and aid from his own father, Sir Ewen, who, in the absence of their Chief, became his representative; and we believe that, for sound judgment, unshaken firmness, and unspotted integrity of character, coupled with rare courtesy and gracefulness of manner, very few could be found so well fitted for a situation at once so delicate and so honourable.

We dwell on these things with the view of directing attention to what was peculiar in Colonel Cameron's character among officers, rather than to his bravery and devotion to the service, which many of them shared with him. He was as brave and devoted as any man could be; but, further, he regarded himself as in a special manner the head and protector of the men who followed him to the camp; then, as his command extended, he received the increasing numbers constituting that command, as it were, into his Clan, and no Chief ever showed deeper anxiety for the prosperity of his Clan than he showed for the welfare of all that gathered under his banner.

There is nothing remarkable remembered of his youth. He was educated for a time in the Grammar School of Fort-William—then, as ever since, celebrated as an excellent seminary; but his education was chiefly conducted by a private tutor, and he completed his course of instruction at the University of King's College, Aberdeen. During the whole of this period he was attentive to his studies, and made respectable progress in every branch to which his mind was directed, having the spirit to do well whatever he undertook; but he was by no means distinguished for scholarship, nor did his youth afford any prognostication of future eminence. He spent his vacations in those sports and exercises which then formed, as they still do, much of the pastime of every Highland gentleman, fishing, shooting, and especially stalking the deer. In those days, however, this last pursuit was a very different thing from what it is now; for then there were no *wire fences* to confine the range of the lords of the forest, nor were they tamed by *turnip* and *hay feed-*

ing, but roamed, in unrestrained freedom, from mountain to mountain, and the mountain alone was their abode. Then there were no shooting lodges, providing shelter, comfort, and even luxuries as now for the sportsman at convenient distances. He was obliged to follow his game over mountain and moor, and to trust for food and shelter to the chance shieling, or to the cave of the rock. Following the deer was then a work of toil, requiring alike vigour of will and of muscle, resolution and activity. Its excitement possessed remarkable attractions for the Highlanders generally, and some of the most spirit-stirring of their songs celebrate the achievements of the chase.

Beyond question these exercises—hunting the deer, fishing the salmon, and steering the skiff across the squally lake—tend not merely to promote strength and hardihood, but also to ensure the quickness of eye, and ready decision of purpose, which are of such importance to the soldier, and wholly indispensable to the commander.

John Cameron was much devoted to such pursuits, and by the training he thus gave himself amid the mountains in his youth, a constitution, originally strong, became so hardened that no amount of toil in the field, no change of climate, from the sands of Egypt to the fens of Holland, or to the lofty Sierras of Spain, could exhaust or undermine it; and very remarkable it is, that long and arduous as were his services, he scarcely ever suffered from sickness, or privation, or weariness—he was scarcely a day off duty except from wounds received in combat.

One thing more we must remark regarding the habits and tastes of his youth. He not only spoke the language of his native hills, but he was fond of it, and loved to converse in it. He stored his mind with its tales and its songs, and often when far away he gave vent to his feelings, whether of joy or of sorrow, in the utterances of the Gaelic muse. Even in the last solemn moment of departing life, it was in this language that he expressed his hopes and aspirations. He showed the same predilection for Highland music. He was passionately fond of the mountain pipe, which,

however unintelligible to the ears of a stranger, speaks to the heart of a Highlander as nothing else can. It was his delight, after he had got the command of a regiment, to march at its head, surrounded by the entire band of pipers, and to some of these he showed the greatest regard.

These tastes and acquirements, as may easily be understood, gave him a power over Highland soldiers such as no officer, however brave or deserving, could wield, if a stranger to their language, and their most cherished associations.

When the time arrived for his fixing on a profession, the law was chosen for him; and he was duly apprenticed to a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, James Fraser, Esq. of Gorthleck. While he dutifully entered upon the work that devolved on him in this situation, he very soon found it utterly uncongenial to his taste. He expressed a strong desire to enter the army, and his father, instead of opposing his choice, purchased a commission for him in the 26th, or Cameronian Regiment. This was in the year 1793, so that, at twenty-two years of age, he entered on the profession which evidently was that intended for him by nature. But instead of joining the 26th, he entered as Lieutenant in an independent Highland company, which had been raised by Campbell of Ardchattan in Argyleshire—a company which was afterwards incorporated with the 93d Regiment.

In 1794, however, the Marquis of Huntly resolved to raise a regiment on his father's extensive lands, and there being a considerable portion of these in Lochaber, he addressed himself to the gentlemen there. He called on Fassiefern, and offered to his son John a Captain's commission in the regiment thus to be raised—first numbered as the 100th of the line—afterwards so well known as the Gordon Highlanders, or 92d Regiment. Fassiefern declined the gratifying honour, on the ground of his inability to raise the number of men requisite to entitle his son to such a rank; whereupon the Marquis, with great kindness, offered the rank without any stipulation or condition, saying he would be glad to have John

Cameron a Captain in his regiment although he brought not a single recruit.

Fassiefern resolved to exert himself to requite such generosity. He applied to his Chief, Lochiel, now happily restored to the estates forfeited by his ancestor, who at once sanctioned the undertaking. M'Neill of Barra, whom we have already mentioned as brother-in-law to John Cameron, sent twelve very active, soldierly men from his insular property. With such aid the full complement was speedily gathered, and Cameron joined the regiment with a hundred men as brave and true as any who ever fought under the British banner.

It was at Aberdeen that they mustered; and here the Lochaber men showed at once the influence of that Clan feeling under which they had consented to go to war. When it was proposed to draft them into the separate divisions of grenadiers and light troops, they at once declared that they would neither be separated from each other, nor serve under any Captain except Cameron, that they had followed him as their leader, and him only they would serve. It required all his persuasion to induce them to submit to the rules of the service; but, assisted by his relative, Major Campbell of Auch—a man of weight and experience —and promising that he himself would always watch over their interests in whatever division they were ranked, he prevailed on them to submit; and, as we shall subsequently see, none of them ever had cause to reproach him with forgetting his pledge.

It is evident that these men joined the army solely from attachment to, and confidence in their leader; and so it was throughout the Highlands when that thinly-inhabited country furnished, in the course of less than fifty years, more than 70,000 soldiers.* During that time the prejudice against *enlisting*, which still prevails so strongly throughout the kingdom, was stronger in the Highlands than anywhere else, much stronger than it is to-day; for, added to this, there was then a deep dislike

* Appendix, Note G.

or, more properly speaking, a bitter hatred of the "red army," of the King's troops, as associated with all the sad and savage scenes that followed Culloden; yet the Highlands in those days poured forth warriors in an abundant, never-failing stream. In the present day, again, whole districts may be traversed without calling one soldier from the hill-side; and during the Crimean war, the Highlanders, as is well known, did not furnish probably a tithe of their just proportion of the defenders of the empire.

The cause of this marked change is very obvious, though not always noticed. Through change of time and circumstances, the old relation of Chief, and Clansman, has been merged in the modern commercial one of land-owner, and rent-payer, which does not imply any obligation on the latter to "host, or hunt, or watch, or ward." Then the commercial inducement—the pay of the soldier—is not such as to induce a man, who can support himself with any degree of comfort at home, to abandon home and kindred for military service; and until matters are greatly improved in this respect, until the character and position of the soldier are considerably raised, the Highlands will yield few recruits.

We are convinced that, in the period we refer to, 1794, a mere "recruiting sergeant" would meet with, if possible, less success than he finds in 1857: that he would not, by his "beat of drum," raise half a regiment between Inverness and Kintyre, or between Arran and St Kilda; but at that time men of character and influence, like the subject of our Memoir —still more, heads of Clans, like Lochiel and others, personally addressing men who personally knew them, and respected, and trusted them, looking to them as their natural guardians and friends—readily got men to follow them whithersoever they chose to lead; and if influence did not always produce its desired effect, the pressure of authority was sometimes brought to supplement it.

The raising of the Gordon Highlanders themselves, illustrates strikingly the difference between the past and the present mode of recruiting. Every

gentleman connected with that powerful family exerted himself to draw out all the "fencible men" in his neighbourhood; and it is said that the celebrated Duchess herself was more active and far more successful than any of her vassals or friends; that, equipped in semi-military costume, she rode from farm to farm, from hamlet to hamlet of her extensive estates, by an eloquent tongue rousing the martial ardour of her tenantry, and in rare cases, where this failed, offering the bribe of a *kiss from her own lips.* Such a bribe always proved irresistible; but the measure, though sanctioned by another very high example—that of "the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire," who is said, in those stirring times, to have purchased the political vote of a London butcher by giving him a kiss—is not likely to be generally followed in the present age.

Beyond all question, it was personal and family influence, exerted by means of personal solicitation among the people, that then filled the ranks of the Highland regiments; and that this was so, is shown by the manner in which still surviving veterans describe the service in which they have been engaged. An old Highland soldier does not speak of his having been in the "red army," or even in the King's army, still less does he speak of the number by which his corps is known at the Horse Guards; but he speaks of his having been in the "Gordon," or the "Sutherland," or the "Lochnell," or the "Fraser" Regiment; these names having been alike his banner and his shield.

CHAPTER III.

REGIMENT GOES TO HOLLAND—TO THE MEDITERRANEAN—TO EGYPT—BATTLES OF SANDHILLS AND ALEXANDRIA—RETURNS TO BRITAIN—GOES TO IRELAND—TO WALCHEREN—RETURNS TO BRITAIN.

We do not intend to record all the movements of the 92d (or 100th as it was still numbered) from station to station, but we observe, that, about the end of the year 1794, they were ordered to Gibraltar. While stationed here, some dispute, the nature of which we know not, arose between Cameron, and then Lieutenant, afterwards Sir John Maclean, likewise of the 92d, which, according to the barbarous fashion of the times—now happily acknowledged to be barbarous—led to a duel. Fortunately the combatants parted without serious injury, and this was the only instance in which Cameron had a hostile encounter with a brother officer.

In July of the following year the regiment was sent to Corsica to assist the well-known Paoli; and with the bravery which ever afterwards characterised all their actions, they completely carried out the object entrusted to them. The island—of which Gibbon, writing in 1783, says, "It is easier to deplore its fate than to describe its actual condition," and now of such world-wide fame as the birth-place of Napoleon—was taken possession of by British arms, and for a time annexed to the British dominions.

The regiment returned to Gibraltar, was brought to England, and in the autumn of 1798, was sent to Ireland, to guard against a French invasion, and to quell the Irish, who entirely sympathised with the French Revolutionists.

Cameron's letters to his father, at the outset of his career, have been unfortunately lost, but several belonging to this period are preserved, and from them we will give extracts which exhibit his true character far better than any description from another pen can do.

The first we meet with is dated Camp, Glen of Imale, 28th August, 1798.—After speaking of the report that the French had actually landed in Sligo Bay, and that the regiment had been ordered thither with all speed, he says, "I am terribly alarmed that they will be destroyed before we get up to them. Would to Heaven that it might be our chance to come to action with them!" and he adds, "I will venture to say this much, that if I can in any way judge of myself, whatever may happen in this expedition, you will hear that your son has acted in a manner not to disgrace you, nor the blood from which he has sprung." The whole of his subsequent career fully shows that he was at all times animated by the resolution here so characteristically expressed.

His wish to come to action with the French was not for the present gratified. The regiment, countermanded in the march to Sligo Bay, was, for a time, quartered in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, and while there he formed a very deep attachment to a young lady—a Miss H. of that town, who fully returned his affection. Being now senior Captain, he thought himself entitled to marry, but on consulting his father, was absolutely forbidden, on pain of his sternest displeasure, to marry Miss H. With a deference to parental authority which could scarcely be expected, in such circumstances, from a man who generally showed an unyielding will, he consented to abandon a prospect from which he had hoped for the highest happiness; at the same time telling his father that the sacrifice which he made was at the expense of his future peace. He wrote a letter to the lady's father, frankly stating the barrier that had been opposed to his wishes, releasing her from her promise to him, but at the same time declaring that he would, while living, consider himself bound to her, and feelingly deploring the loss to which he was doomed.

She was in course of time married to another, and, it is said, very happily. He remained single through life, and the disappointment he met with seems to have permanently saddened his character. For many years afterwards he occasionally reverts to the subject, and always with undiminished regret—at the time he applied for active service, writing to his father that he was "utterly indifferent whether it should be in Otaheite, or Botany Bay."

Fortunately for him, the regiment was immediately engaged in service, which, though unpleasant, required constant activity and exertion—repressing the popular disturbances that occurred throughout the greater part of Ireland at this period. It was work, however, in which no laurels were to be won, and uncongenial to the taste of every officer and man in the regiment. It was with unfeigned pleasure he learned in the following year, 1799, that they were ordered to Holland, to form part of the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercromby; for there they would encounter the soldiers of the French Republic, already filling all Europe with their fame—a service far better suited to them than chasing disorderly bands of the Irish peasantry, who, except at Vinegar Hill, never stood the charge of regular troops.

The 92d formed part of the brigade commanded by the gallant and gentle Sir John Moore, whose rare combination of excellences, it is superfluous to add, commanded alike the respect and affection of all who served under him.

We think it needless to detail the various actions fought in this expedition, which completely failed in effecting its object, and for which, considering that it was composed of 18,000 British, and 17,000 Russian troops, it might be thought well fitted. Whether the generalship of the Duke of York, who took the supreme command in the early part of the autumn, or the unhealthiness of the climate, was chiefly to blame, we know not; but Holland was abandoned to the French by the beginning of winter. The conduct of the British troops, however, was not to blame.

They landed at the Helder in the face of the Batavians—they repelled an attack made by the brave Vandamme with forces far outnumbering theirs. At Alkmaar they gained a decided victory over the left and centre of the French, although the Russians were utterly routed on the right; and, a few days afterwards (October 2), the French, under Brune, were driven back with great loss.

In every action the 92d had their full share of work, and showed uniform determination. In the battle of Egmont-op-Zee they lost, between killed and wounded, more than 250 men, and led the charge, which rescued from the hands of the enemy twenty pieces of artillery that had been captured in the earlier part of the day. Here Cameron, leading his men, received a severe wound in the knee, from the effects of which he suffered for a long time. The Marquis of Huntly was also wounded, and Sir John Moore most severely. It was Cameron who sent men to carry the latter off the field, and an extract of a letter of his on this subject, written in 1804, to Lieut.-Colonel Napier, commanding the regiment, is worth referring to, as showing his lasting sense of gratitude for the favour conferred on him:—

RICHMOND, 17*th November*, 1804.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I have been for some days on leave in London, and received your letters there. I am here with my mother for a day, and return this night to Sandgate. My reason for troubling you for a drawing is, that, as a knight, I am entitled to supporters. I have chosen a light infantry soldier for one, being Colonel of a light infantry regiment, and a Highland soldier for the other, in gratitude to, and commemoration of, two soldiers of the 92d, who, in action of the 2d October, raised me from the ground when I was lying on my face wounded and stunned (they must have thought me dead), and helped me out of the field. As my senses were returning, I heard one of them say, "Here is the General, let us take him away," upon which they stooped and raised me by the arm. I never could discover who they were, and therefore concluded they must have been killed. I hope the 92d will not have any objection—as I commanded them, and as they rendered me such a service—to my taking one of the corps as a supporter. I do not care for the drawing being elegant: all I want is the uniform and appointments. Any person who can draw a figure tolerably, but will dress him correctly with arms, accoutrements, and in parade order,

will answer every purpose, as I want it for a model only from which a painter may draw another. If you are at a loss to do this, I dare say Lieut.-Col. Birch would do it, or get one of the officers of the department to do so, if you sent a man properly dressed to Colchester; but I think your own quarters will produce some one sufficiently expert. I received your letter by Captain Grant before I left Sandgate. He seems a very gentlemanly young man. I do not think I can recommend a proper Adjutant to you at present. Remember me kindly to my friends of the 92d, and believe me,

MY DEAR NAPIER,

Sincerely, etc.,

(Signed) JOHN MOORE.

Lieut.-Col. NAPIER of Blackstone.

It ought to be added that Moore offered a reward of £20 to the soldiers who had borne him off the field; but while this offer was publicly made known, none ever came forward to claim the reward. It may be that those entitled to it had subsequently fallen on the field, or had been cut off by the pestilential vapours of the Holland fens, so much more fatal than the arms of the enemy. If so, it says much for the truthfulness and honour of the survivors, that, where deception was so easy, no one attempted to practise it. We consider it probable, however, that their silence was owing to the utter dread the Highlanders generally entertain of participating in any manner, directly or indirectly, in what they call "blood-money;" that is, money received either for preserving the life of a friend, or destroying the life of an enemy. It is a popular belief that money obtained as the price of an enemy's blood will infallibly entail on the receiver a curse and woe, both here and hereafter; also, that money accepted as a compensation for saving the life of a friend, will, instead of benefiting the receiver, speedily bring danger to himself, or to his family; and we have no doubt that these beliefs influenced the Highlanders as much amid the plains of Holland as among their own mountain wilds, which alone are thought the fit and natural abodes of superstition.

We may here mention that in these days Ewen Macmillan, Cameron's foster brother and constant attendant, received a wound. Being at an out-post, he noticed a Frenchman at a considerable distance, whom he

thought he could stalk, as he was in the habit of doing to the deer in the forests of Loch-Arkaig. He crawled forward very cautiously, but just as he thought himself secure of his game, and was taking very deliberate aim over a low dyke, the Frenchman, quicker than he, fired, and carried off his ear. Macmillan, however, was revenged. He fired in return, brought his adversary to the ground, and, not content with this, rushed forward and transfixed him with his bayonet. He speedily returned to his own friends, and sought his master, to whom, in his native tongue, he complained of what the Frenchman had done to him. "The devil's son, do you see what he did to me!" "You well deserved it, Ewen, in going beyond your post," was Fassiefern's remark. "He'll not do it again, faith!" was the contented reply.

The 92d, with the other regiments engaged in this mismanaged campaign, returned to Britain after the convention of Alkmaar, and Cameron, obtaining leave of absence, visited his native glens, accompanied by his steady follower, Macmillan. He soon, however, returned to his regiment, which was engaged in various operations in the Mediterranean, under General Maitland, and afterwards under Lord Dalhousie; but these services seem to have been extremely distasteful, as they did not bring the army to any important engagement with the enemy.

There is a letter of Cameron's to his father, dated "H.M.S. Inconstant, frigate, at Sea, 22d June, 1800," which strikingly shows the care taken by those in command to conceal their intended movements from the enemy. It is in the following words: "All well, but where we are, or what we are about, I dare not mention."

There is another, dated "Inconstant, off Malaga, 6th July, 1800," where some account is given of their previous proceedings: "On the 5th June we landed on the island of Houat, in Quiberon Bay, opposite the country of the Chouans, where we landed General Georges, a Chouan chief, who was sent by our Government with a large sum of money to try his fortune in raising his countrymen in force, and who has had the high honour and

probity to return the money, on finding he could not succeed. On Houat our small army was formed into divisions, and the order of battle given, but on the 15th June we all embarked again. Embarking and disembarking, vessels running foul of each other—such is what we are engaged in."

On the 4th August, he writes from the Inconstant frigate, Port-Mahon: "The regiment in general is exceedingly healthy, and all the lads from the country are in excellent health and spirits." These "lads from the country," we shall find, formed his especial care.

Again, on the 22d August, he writes from George's Town, Minorca, saying: "We landed a fortnight ago for the benefit of our health. At sea we had no one dangerously ill. Here two have died, and ninety-two are in hospital. What would I not give for a letter from home! but here there is no chance of receiving one."

On the 7th October, he writes "Off Cadiz," complaining both of the inaction of the army, and of his not hearing from home, saying, "We are all in shocking spirits at having been so completely *humbugged* during the whole of this season."

On the 29th October, "H.M.S. Stately, off Tetuan Bay," he gives strong expression to these feelings: "We left our station, off Cadiz, the day after I wrote you, and have ever since been *parading* in a pretty severe gale of wind backwards and forwards between Gibraltar, Tetuan Bay, and Cape Spartell. I shall ever regret, and feel perfectly ashamed, that I belonged to this army. It is now a few days more than five months since I left England, and not a syllable have I heard from, or of, my friends, which is the most trying thing in the world. It would greatly lessen the regret that I feel at a long separation from them, were I to hear frequently from them. All the lads from the country are well, except Neil M'Donald, who, poor fellow, was left very ill at Minorca."

These regrets and repinings were, however, speedily dissipated, by the army being called to Egypt under the command of the distinguished Abercromby.

Egypt, for centuries shorn of its ancient glory, enduring the foretold degradation of being a servant of servants, had been, as is known, seized by the French in 1798; and though the repulse at Acre had dissipated Napoleon's gorgeous visions of oriental conquest, being, as he himself frequently said, "The event which made him miss his destiny"—though he had thrown himself once more into the midst of the European struggle, he had left a strong and well-organised army in Egypt, which it was necessary for the interests of Britain to expel or to subdue. Arrangements were made to bring 8000 troops from India, under Sir David Baird, in order to join those under Abercromby in the Levant, and to co-operate with a Turkish army which was to descend from Syria. Sir Ralph Abercromby, however, finding the re-organisation of the Turkish force proceeding very slowly, and knowing that the arrival of Sir David must be necessarily uncertain, adopted the bold resolution of at once attacking the French with the comparatively small force under his immediate command. Accordingly, he sailed from Marmorice,* in the Levant, with 17,500 troops, and reached the Bay of Aboukir on the 1st March, 1801. The battle of the Sandhills is well known. The British effected a landing in the face of the French troops and artillery, and the Highland Regiments bore their full share of the struggle, and of the loss of that engagement. Egypt, indeed, is with many veterans whom we have met with, a more favourite reminiscence than even the Peninsula.

In the battle of Mandora, fought shortly afterwards, Cameron's Company occupied an advanced position, and suffered severely, but conducted themselves so gallantly as to call forth special commendation from the Commander-in-Chief, who, on this as on other occasions, gave public testimony to the gallant bearing of the 92d, from whose men he selected his body-guard. Cameron was at this time promoted to a Majority, and bore a conspicuous part in the bloody and important battle of Alexandria, where he was wounded, and where not merely the army, but the whole

* Appendix, Note H.

nation, had cause to lament the fall of the brave Abercromby. The victory of Alexandria, as is known, was the first important and decisive one obtained by British over French troops from the commencement of the war. Here the latter were superior in cavalry and in artillery; yet the British, though deprived of their gallant leader, beyond all question, gained the honours of the day. The French were compelled to retreat, and, before the end of August, the whole army, amounting to 24,000 veterans, capitulated to the British.

The French invasion wrought considerable changes on the condition of Egypt—virtually annihilating the Mamelukes, who had so long exercised despotic sway over that once great, but long-degraded country. It utterly failed, however, in the objects contemplated by its ambitious originator; and its failure helped materially to arouse and strengthen that confidence in the power of Britain, by land as well as by sea, which was the main cause of the final overthrow of the gigantic fabric which his marvellous talents had reared.

All the regiments engaged in that arduous service conducted themselves with uniform and signal bravery. None, however, was more conspicuous than the 92d, who carry on their banners one Egyptian inscription more than do even the 42d, whose fame in Egypt is universally known. Cameron, besides his promotion in the regiment, obtained a gold medal from the Sultan, and became known as one of the most efficient and trustworthy officers in the service.

Unfortunately, the letters which he must have written from Egypt are lost, except one, from which we quote, as showing the care he took of everything belonging to the "lads from the country," or "our own lads,"* as he at other times calls them. He dates Camp before Alexandria, 29th August, 1801, and says:—"I wrote you before leaving Newport, enclosing a bill on Charles Erskine for money belonging to *Ewen dubh Tàillear;*† and from Marmorice Bay, a letter with money for

* Appendix, Note I.

† Viz., "Black Hugh, the Tailor."

*Ewen dubh Coul** (the names by which these two Ewens Cameron were known at home)—also, money for the two MacPhies; but you do not mention whether you received these."

We know not the answer to this letter; but we were much struck by finding, among Sir Ewen Fassiefern's papers, receipts from the relatives of all these soldiers, carefully docqueted and filed, showing that father and son alike interested themselves in the welfare of those who naturally looked to them as their protectors.

The 92d, after returning from Egypt, were ordered to Scotland, and were for some time quartered in Glasgow. In 1805, we find them in England, and a letter dated "Ospringe Barracks, Feversham, Kent, 6th November, 1805," says:—"We are waiting here till the transports are ready for us. . . . For we are to embark the moment they can be got ready. We are all of us this morning in the most extraordinary mixture of joy and sorrow, for the loss, in the midst of such glorious achievements, of that greatest of great men—NELSON."

Again, writing from Canterbury, he says:—

"25*th December*, 1805.

"Ten thousand men have embarked from this immediate neighbourhood, and to the astonishment of every person here, we are still without a word of moving; the Second Battalion of the 79th, and we form the brigade of the Honourable M. General John Hope, commanded *ad interim* by his brother Charles. I wish you would write Ardgour† to thank him for the attention the General has uniformly paid me, of which I can never be too sensible, nor my friends too thankful. God bless and protect you and my mother.

"Yours very affectionately,

"JOHN CAMERON."

He had much cause of gratitude to M. General Hope, who, from their first acquaintance, not merely appreciated his good qualities as an officer,

* Black Hugh of Cul.

† Ardgour was married to Lady Margaret Hope, daughter to Lord Hopetoun, and sister to General Hope.

but showed the warmest friendship towards him. Before this time, 24th June, 1805, he had written to the Duke of York, "strongly recommending Major Cameron as highly deserving of His Royal Highness's favourable notice." Throughout the whole of his future career, General Hope manifested the same warm interest in him, and after his fall, no one lamented him more sincerely.

We have given the conclusion of the last letter, because we have noticed, that from this time forward, he rarely closes a letter without some reference to God's providence, and an earnest wish for God's blessing on his father and mother, in their declining years. At the same time, he refers more frequently and tenderly to his various friends, and connexions at home, the thought of which seems ever present to him.

About this time he says:—"I am just going to dine, in company with the Marquis of Douglas—the most extraordinary man in the world—at a Colonel Webb's, who is said to live as well as any man in England. I have frequently dined there, and once at a family party, as he called it, where, indeed, there were only three strangers besides myself. We sat down to as superb a dinner as I ever saw, with quantities of Champagne, Burgundy, Hock, Claret, Madeira, etc., etc., so that I fancy I shall dine better than even at Fassiefern, though I care little how I dine if I were only with my friends."

The next is from "London, 11th January, 1806:"—"Instead of being sent to the Continent, we have been ordered here to attend Lord Nelson's funeral. I had the honour to lead the procession with a small detachment of cavalry, and four light companies of the line. When we arrived at St Paul's, I formed my party within the railing. The rest of the troops, with the exception of the Grenadiers, passed on to Moorfields. Though the honour was great, the trouble was by no means slight, as we were under arms from six in the morning, till past seven at night, during most of which time I was on horseback."

The public honours thus rendered to the memory of Nelson, who is on

all hands allowed to have been the greatest naval commander of this, or of any other age, were undoubtedly well merited, and were very imposing. We need scarcely refer to what will now naturally suggest itself to every reader in connection with this subject—the greater honours recently rendered in the same St Paul's to one who, great on land as the other was on sea, did as much to break the military power of France, as Nelson did to break her naval power. When will Britain produce another Nelson, and another Wellington?

Major Cameron wrote several letters about this time, inquiring minutely about all his friends, interesting himself much in promoting the success of his younger brother Peter, who had gone on board one of the East Indiamen, as they were then called, and who, like many others, had to struggle for years before he could achieve independence. There are also letters about obtaining a commission in the 92d to "*Ewen Corries*" (Ewen Campbell)—also a near relative, whose appointment was, after great trouble, at length secured.

Writing from "Colchester, 16th March, 1806," he says:—"The Colonel of the East Middlesex Militia has been so well pleased with *Donald Ardtoe's* son, that he has applied to me to recommend some such young men for commissions, saying that if they conduct themselves well for a twelvemonth, he will endeavour to procure them commissions in the line. If you think of any in your neighbourhood whom this would answer, I will expect to hear from you immediately. May God bless and preserve you and my mother."

The regiment was at this time ordered to Ireland. Cameron became Senior Major, and for a time held the command of the Second Battalion. He expresses gratitude and pride, which are natural on obtaining such advancement; but he more than once writes to his father that, notwithstanding the annual allowance derived from home, his pay was insufficient to maintain him, that the prize money of Egypt alone enabled him to maintain his position in England, and that the journey to Ireland

would subject him to debt, of which he always seems to have had a wholesome horror. His father, besides allowing him £100 a year regularly, authorised him to draw further in any special exigency; but often has it occurred to us in reading these letters, that if he who had such extra aid to support him, and who, from the minute accounts he kept, appears to have been an economist, was so straitened and pinched for pecuniary means, hard, indeed, must be the condition of many brave men who have no extraneous source of supply—who have nothing but their bare pay to rely on.

The prospect of revisiting Ireland, and especially of approaching the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, was, from the still fresh memory of his early love, most painful to him. He writes to his father in a state of "utter misery," and entreats him, "for mercy's sake, to tell him what he is to do." We know not the answer; but he was saved from the pain of a meeting with her who had taken such a hold on his affections, by her marrying another about this time, as we formerly mentioned. No allusion to her name after this period ever occurs in any of his letters.

He writes from Birr, King's County, Ireland, on the 10th April, 1806, saying that he had been there only a few days, when the regiment was ordered to Dublin. The Duke of Bedford, who was married to a daughter of the Duke of Gordon, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at the period. Speaking of being ordered to Dublin, Cameron says, "It is reported that to the Duchess of Bedford we owe this honour, and if it be so we could easily have forgiven her; for of all the misfortunes that could happen to the Battalion, I look on being quartered in Dublin as one of the greatest. The duty is so severe that the Battalion will go to pieces, and the expenses so excessive as to be quite ruinous to the officers; but it is useless to repine."

There are various letters from Dublin about this period, all speaking with gratitude of the great attention which the Duchess paid to him, and to the other officers of the Gordon Highlanders; complaining at the same

time of the expense entailed by the necessity of attending the Vice-regal Court, Balls, etc.; and all charged with kindest messages to friends and relatives at home.

On the 14th Jan., 1807, he expresses great joy at the Battalion having received the route for Scotland; but it was scarcely received when countermanded, and they remained in Dublin. He says, "I had lately as friendly a letter as it was possible to pen, from the Marquis of Huntly, mentioning how highly flattered he was by his sister's, the Duchess of Bedford's, account of us, and requesting a favour of me for an officer, a friend of his."

In the same letter he asks his father to give friendly advice to the father of a young officer in the regiment, who was beginning to show symptoms of folly and extravagance, trusting that he might thus be preserved from embarrassment, and eventual disgrace.

On the 23d March, 1807, he speaks of a sudden change of Ministry, which, of course, produced a great change in the state of matters in Dublin. "I dined with their Graces on Friday the 20th, when they were in very high spirits. I went next night with Lord Harrington's family to the play, and several of the Vice-regal Suite were in the box. The second act was scarce over when a messenger arrived with the intelligence that the Ministry had resigned. Such faces, good gracious! such faces as some of the dependent crew exhibited!—Their Graces are determined to leave this place at all events, on the score of the Catholic question, and few have greater reason to regret that determination than I have, for their attention to me has been truly far more than I either expected or wished."

On 13th May, 1807, he says:—"The Duke of York promises me faithfully in respect to Ewen Corries' commission; but he has done so for these three years past. I have therefore written General Hope on the subject, and think I shall succeed." In the same letter he mentions rather an uncommon preventive of *rheumatism*, saying, in expressing sympathy

with his father, who was suffering from it, "I always find that if I am long of *getting wet, quite wet through*, I am liable to it." He concludes his letter by inquiring minutely about "the poor old miller at Fassiefern," and a request to be told how "all the old people were."

On 19th June he writes:—"I have been in the midst of great annoyance and trouble, by our First Battalion applying for, and getting one hundred of our picked men, so that we are left a skeleton; they are ordered for immediate service, and my character as an officer, as well as my own feelings demanding it, I have applied for permission to join them." There is further mention of Ewen *Corries'* business, and kind inquiries about both Barra and Glencoe, his brothers-in-law.

On the 28th June he writes from Dublin:—"We are on the move, six companies have already marched: Drogheda is our head-quarters, but we are to be stationed in seventeen different quarters. Weak as we are, this distribution is dismal." "I have just received the Duke of York's positive refusal to my joining the First Battalion."

The next is dated from Drogheda, 1st August. It appears that his father had requested him to purchase a good Irish horse, to be sent to Fassiefern. In various former letters he complains of the Irish dealers as more deceptive than even the Yorkshire Jockeys. At length, however, he says he has got a great catch of a horse of the first blood in Ireland. He paid £40 Irish, or £36 Sterling, for it, and says, after putting it in better condition, he would forward it to Scotland. It appeared shortly afterwards that it was not without cause he distrusted the Irish Jockeys. The horse, showy as it was, proved to be diseased and worthless. On this being discovered, he begs his father's acceptance of a mare belonging to himself, concerning which he writes so minutely as to appear strange to any person except one who, like himself, had a strong regard for horses; and he frequently writes in terms even of affection about both horses and dogs. This mare is said to be "a perfect picture," "a great pet," "the gentlest and best creature in the world," his "greatest favourite of the

four-footed creation." He says, "It will be doing me a favour that you take her, and let her end her days in peace at Fassiefern. I have two favours to ask of you for her: first, that she be kept solely for your own riding, or my mother's, if my mother does ever ride now; and, second, that she is, on no account whatever, to be sent to the *woods*. Nay, I am sure, from her being such a favourite of mine, my mother will not allow her to be ill-used." At length she was sent off in charge of a soldier of the regiment, with route—embracing eighteen stations, or journeys—as carefully and minutely marked as it could have been for the Battalion. She reached Fassiefern in safety, and was allowed, according to the kind wish of her owner, to end her days there in peace, in company, we may add, though it is anticipating, with an uncommonly fine mule that he sent from Spain, and one of the chargers that he had at Quatre Brâs.

In November of this year the division was ordered to Ballyshannon, where they seemed to have remained for a considerable time. On the 23d December he writes from Ballyshannon that the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, having come on a visit to Slane Castle, the residence of the Earl of Conyngham, had reviewed the regiment while at Drogheda, and that the Duchess made a great work about them. She applied to Major Cameron for a Highland bonnet, and, though with considerable difficulty, he succeeded in procuring her two. She also was a daughter of the Duke of Gordon; and we mention these things, though apparently trivial, to show the deep and unceasing interest that the Gordon family took in their *family* regiment.

This season was one of great distress in the Highlands, owing to the failure of the crops. It appears that Fassiefern wrote to his son to purchase as much oatmeal as he could secure in Ireland. Various letters from him are occupied with this business, expressing the deepest commiseration for his countrymen, stating that the scarcity was equally great in Ireland, but at the same time making every exertion to dispatch a cargo to Lochaber.

It is worthy of observation, as at least curious, that the years marked by *seven* have so frequently proved years of scarcity and suffering in the Highlands. We here see that 1807 was so. Again, 1817 was most disastrous to farmers in various ways. The winter and spring of 1827 witnessed considerable scarcity. 1837 was one of actual starvation to the poorer Highlanders; and the wailing cry which in 1847 arose both from the Highlands and Ireland actually reached the uttermost parts of the earth, and, as is known, was answered from East, West, North, and South, by charity, the liberality of which was a marvel to every one, and truly honourable to humanity. It is to be hoped that the present year (1857) will help to separate all evil augury from the number.

On the 3d May, 1808, he writes, complaining of being so harassed by business letters that he has little time to write to his friends, saying that his postage account for the year amounted nearly to £50. (Assuredly the country owes much to Rowland Hill, and the penny postage.) He mentions that "Ewen *Corries*," so repeatedly referred to, had at length joined the regiment; while he expresses great delight that his nephew, young Barra, had been put into the hands of General Moore. Regarding another nephew he writes, "I am grieved to hear of John Glencoe's illness, more especially when his regiment is going on service. For God's sake let him not remain behind, if it be possible for him to join."

He writes in warm terms of the hospitable kindness of *Allan Lundavra*, a Lochaber gentleman who held an important civil office in Drogheda; and with his uniformly warm *home feeling* he says, "It is now near six years since I have had the happiness of seeing my mother or you, and I am so situated that I know not when I may get leave, but you may well believe what happiness it would afford me. Remember me most affectionately to my mother."

On the 23d May he writes that he had got a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy, but adds rather grumblingly, "The only good it has done me

yet is to have cost me £20 in commission fees, then the usual entertainments, etc., etc. May God bless and protect my mother and you. Yours most affectionately."

In June he was appointed to a full Lieutenant-Colonelcy.

He writes from Tuam on the 24th November; and after many kind remembrances to relatives and friends, mentions that he had got Ewen Corries appointed Adjutant. He then speaks with the deepest interest of the doings of Sir John Moore in Spain, with whom the First Battalion of the 92d was serving, saying, "I would rather than a thousand pounds I was with our regiment in Spain."

In January, 1809, he mentions that they are ordered to their "detestable old quarters" in Athlone, and thanks his father very warmly for befriending "poor Sandy Cleghorn," the old gardener at Fassiefern, who had incurred his master's displeasure, but for whom Cameron had pleaded warmly and repeatedly.

On the 28th January, the first news of the sad, though glorious battle of Corunna reached him, and he writes in deep sorrow about the loss of "the immortal Moore, one of the very best Generals in the service," as he terms him; also about the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Napier of his own regiment, and in anxiety regarding "young Rory," Barra's son, whose fate he did not then know, who, however, not only survived Corunna, but is still living as Major-General MacNeill. Cameron, immediately after this, left Ireland to take charge of the First Battalion as Senior Lieutenant-Colonel, the second having been given to Lieutenant-Colonel Lamond of Lamond; and thus, at the age of thirty-seven, he obtained the command of one of the best regiments in the army, which, from his age, his character, and his minute knowledge of the men, he was certainly well fitted to lead.

They remained for some months in England, and in July of this year, when the unfortunate Walcheren expedition, commanded by Lord Chatham, was undertaken, Cameron joined it with a thousand men. The

fever of the Walcheren fens, infinitely more fatal to the British troops than the fiercest foe that ever met them in the field, while it prostrated the army generally, reduced the effective men of the 92d to less than three hundred.

Among the first who died was one of Cameron's own followers from Lochaber; and here he manifested that intimate knowledge of, and sympathy with, the feelings of his countrymen, which formed one great cause of his entire mastery over them, which gave him power over their hearts. Standing at the head of the open grave, he mentioned the name, and the birth-place of the departed soldier, pronounced a high eulogium on his character, and conduct, and then ordered his companions to "give him the smoothest bed, and to cover him with the greenest sod."

All this may possibly appear to many as very undignified, and very unimportant; but they who know the habits and feelings of Highlanders will readily appreciate the action. Standing in the place of Chief to these men, more especially in a strange and foreign land, he discharged a duty which they regarded as solemnly obligatory on him. As their countryman, he was paying a proper and a graceful tribute to customs and sentiments long cherished by them, and sacred in their estimation; while as a commander he was unquestionably acting wisely in deepening and strengthening his hold over them, which such conduct as the above was better fitted to effect, than the giving them the richest rewards.

Even to this day every Highlander to whom any remnant of the olden time feeling clings, is most ambitious of being favourably mentioned by his superior, and more especially of being remembered with honour after death. In the ordinary ways of life, they have, in many respects, conformed to the habits of their neighbours, but we still see them, in the rites rendered to the dead, cleave to the customs of their fathers. The journeys, which even the very poor will travel to mingle the dust

of their friends with that of their fathers, are often incredibly long and toilsome, and when the grave is dug, the persevering pains taken to render it perfectly level, to free the last resting-place from the slightest inequality, is, to a stranger, very surprising. Then, the anxious care taken to procure a fitting sod, to spread it smoothly and evenly, so that it shall not extend even by an inch to one side more than another—that it shall cover every particle of earth which has been brought up by the spade —that it shall present a faultlessly uniform appearance in all its parts, even to the most critical eye,—all this is still to be witnessed by the grave of the humblest, in the remotest and most secluded glen, where often the green mounds marking the graves of the departed, or the dark nettle waving over the hearth and home on which centered their hearts while living, form the only memorials of man having ever dwelt there.

Such anxious care, reminding us of a mother's tender anxiety to smooth the bed of her ailing child, is, as we have said, still manifested regarding the resting-place of the departed, is felt to be a sacred tribute due to them; and the neglect of any of these particulars would be regarded as a deep and disparaging affront to their memory.

The remnant of the fine army, unfortunately sent to such pestilential ground as Walcheren, and in no respect well managed by the commander, was speedily withdrawn, and Cameron's brigade was for a considerable time stationed at Woodbridge in England. We have not found any letters written from Holland, but several written from Woodbridge are preserved, and from these we shall give a few extracts.

On 14th December, 1809, he writes to his father as usual: "The poor little *Bo-man's* (cattle-herd's) son is alive, and doing well. He is our Quarter-Master Sergeant, and Kennedy's son from Moy, Peter More's friend, is our Sergeant-Major. I do all I can, of course, to keep our own people uppermost if they at all deserve it. . . . . The *Bo-man's* son has begged of me to forward you (enclosed) one-half of a ten pound note

to assist his father's family. The other half he will forward to his brother by next post. He is a very *siccer* lad.

"Not one of the poor fellows who came with me has ever behaved ill —none of them is even a questionable character. Poor Mackenzie from Balachulish, or rather from Ounich, was taken prisoner on the retreat through Spain, and has not since been heard of."

This letter we consider particularly valuable, as showing, in so very marked a manner, the warm and minute interest he took in all the men that followed him to the war. He had intimate personal knowledge of them. He watched anxiously over their interests, and never lost an opportunity "of keeping uppermost" those whom he designates "our own people." Four of them were, after this period—when their soldierly qualities became better known, and his influence had increased—promoted to commissions—Kennedy, two Camerons, and Ferguson; and several of them, as is apparent from the letter before us, were raised to the rank of non-commissioned officers. He most amply redeemed the promise which, many years previously, he had given them at Aberdeen, of being their guardian and friend wherever they were.*

On 31st January, 1810, he writes another very characteristic letter, showing, as usual, great anxiety to promote the interests of several of his young relatives, containing kind messages to the Rev. Dr Ross, Minister of Killmonivaig—who was married to his aunt—and of whom he makes frequent mention in his home letters; and proposing various plans for benefiting the "poor old Miller's son," who seems to have been obliged to leave the regiment on account of bad health.

On the 22d February he writes a letter of great importance, as determining his own future career, and also interesting as exhibiting his character in a very remarkable light. It appears that his father at this time urged him to retire on half-pay, and offered to make ample pecuniary provision for his future comfort.

* Appendix, Note I.

After thanking his father very warmly for this proposal, he sets forth strongly the many reasons he had for declining it; his unfitness for any other line of life than the military; his "being in the very situation to which for sixteen years he had been aspiring;" and adds, "It is probable, in the present aspect of affairs, that every man who wishes well to his country will soon have to fight her battles on her own soil; and what situation more becoming, or of greater trust or honour, could I occupy than that which I hold? In short, it would disappoint me beyond measure were I obliged to quit my present post in the present times. But I have laid it down as a *rule through life, to sacrifice my dearest feelings to the pleasing of the best of fathers.* Therefore, if you *absolutely insist* on it, I will endeavour to quit on half-pay."

Fortunately, the father did not "absolutely insist" on carrying his wishes into effect, consequently the son remained where nature intended him, and where his country needed him. But we cannot help calling attention to what appears so opposite to his general character of strong, resolute will, and unshaken determination, as the yielding so completely to his father's wishes in two such very important matters as his intended marriage with the object of his early choice, and his now forsaking the army. The father, we know, possessed a very remarkable amount of authority over all his children; but apart from his personal power of commanding respect and inspiring affection, it is to be noticed that in the Highlands of old, reverence to parents, implying implicit obedience, was inculcated with a degree of care, and enforced by a solemnity of sanction which may appear very antiquated and irrational in the present day, when personal gratification, regardless of all obligation to others—whether parents or brethren—seems to be the principle in highest favour and fashion. The family relation, as we formerly observed, was the foundation and the corner-stone of social life in the Highlands; and Cameron, reared in the midst of this influence when at its strength, as well as feeling its dictates seconded by deep personal affection towards him whom he styles

the "best of fathers," found his mind governed by it to an extent difficult for us now to realise. This, however, must be remembered to understand his character aright.

It is worthy of remark, that, even to this day, Highlanders are more characterised by filial piety than probably any other race in the kingdom. The conduct of "the poor Bo-man's son," noticed above, in sending a sum of money "to help his father," is still happily imitated by Highlanders, even in the farthest distant lands; and every packet from Australia to Britain bears evidence in the many bank remittances to "help fathers" and mothers, that the feeling is not yet dead.

Colonel Cameron remained with his regiment, and in truth they needed his services, and those of all who could serve them. The destructive Walcheren fever, which had in Holland reduced a noble army of 40,000 to 27,000, still pursued the remnant with its pestilential breath, and prostrated them by hundreds. Its effects were felt in Spain as late as 1812; but at this time, on 15th May, 1810, 522 men of the 92d were in hospital, and several were dying. Before this he had applied for the leave of absence after which his heart had been yearning for so long a time; but he writes, after a distressing account of the state of sickness around him, "I am so wedded to these poor fellows that I cannot leave them in their present state." The regiment was removed to Canterbury —carried by sea on account of their weak state—and the change of situation speedily restored them to convalescence.

On the 7th June, he writes, saying, that he had got a commission in the Middlesex Militia for a son of Ewen More Cameron, recommended by Mr Ord, his old tutor, and now teacher of the Fort-William Grammar School, and that he had promoted in his own regiment the brother of his sister's nurse.

On the 22d July, he writes from Canterbury, that he had at length got three months' leave of absence, dating from the end of the month; and in the anticipation of high enjoyment from once more meeting with the

friends that were so dear to him, he announces his intention of being with them early in August. He gave minute directions about his gun, dogs, etc., which he ordered to be forwarded to Cluny Castle, the residence of his brother-in-law, where he expected to be on "the 12th," fraught with so many eager associations to every sportsman.

CHAPTER IV.

SERVICE IN THE PENINSULA FROM 1810 TO THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

Colonel Cameron was speedily called away from the enjoyment of home and friends to services more arduous and important than he had yet been engaged in. It was now indeed that his military career, properly so called, actually began,—a career in which he earned a name for gallantry and conduct that will live, not only in the memory of Highlanders, but will occupy a perpetual place in the history of the kingdom.

The Government, after several ineffectual attempts in Holland, Italy, and various other quarters, to stem Napoleon's apparently resistless course towards universal dominion, had at length selected the Peninsula for a battle-field, and the final result showed how wisely the selection had been made. In 1808, Wellington—then Sir Arthur Wellesley—had been sent to Portugal, Sir John Moore, and Sir David Baird to Spain. The fate of Moore's expedition was disastrous, and the immediate effect most discouraging to the nation. Yet, according to Sir William Napier, it was the fact of Moore's drawing the French troops after him to Corunna (1809) that enabled Wellington to organise a strong base of operation in Portugal. That base, on which such a wonderful superstructure, alike of political results and military glory, was eventually raised, had now (1810) been completed, and towards the close of the year, Cameron reached the far-famed lines of Torres Vedras. Here, at the head of the 92d, he joined that army of which its "iron leader" afterwards said "he could go anywhere he liked, and do anything he liked with them;" with which he raised

the fame of British valour higher than it had ever been raised, again and again broke to pieces those famed French legions, which until now had broken to pieces all other opposing armies, and with which he contributed so much to the final overthrow of the gigantic fabric reared by the transcendent genius of Napoleon, but which Napoleon's own arm alone sustained.

Very few of Cameron's letters from the Peninsula are to be found, and the knowledge of this has led us to quote more largely from those written at an earlier period; they, we think, will bring his private character before the reader, and his military character henceforth is written in the history of his country.

The 92d, commanded by Cameron, the 71st, likewise a Highland regiment, commanded by Cadogan, and the 50th, by Stewart, formed the first, or General Howard's Brigade in the Second, or Lord Hill's well-known division of Infantry.

We will not, of course, enter into the history of this distinguished division, nor even of the brigade, as efficient in men and leaders as any in the army, but confine ourselves to the more important events in which the subject of our Memoir bore a distinguished part.

It is worth mentioning, that, at the very outset, he gave proof of his resolution to have his regiment as effective as possible, by turning the regimental band into the ranks. The full complement of pipers, however, he retained to the last. He also considerably reduced the number of horses that were ordinarily attached to the regiment.

The 92d took a prominent part in the battle of Fuentes d'Onore (4th May, 1811), where, according to Alison, "The British were more nearly defeated than in any other action in Spain;" where, however, their great steadiness not merely prevented a defeat, but secured most important results—the relief of Almeida, the retreat of Massena, and the complete expulsion of the French from Portugal. The position of the 92d in this severe conflict was a perilous one, being for a length of time exposed to a

heavy cannonade; and their loss, both in officers and men, was very considerable.

In the following year, they took part in the capture of Badajoz, where the carnage was dreadful—very far surpassing either of the unfortunate assaults on the Redan, or even the taking of the Malakhoff, before Sebastopol.

In October of this year, Lord Hill—we call him so for convenience's sake, though it was in consequence of his distinguished conduct in the Peninsula that he was afterwards raised to the Peerage—obtained a very brilliant victory over the able French commander, General Gerard, at the village of Aroyo des Molinos, and in it the 92d bore so conspicuous a part, that we must enter into a detail of the action. Gerard, commanding three thousand men—said to be the finest troops then in Spain—was retreating before Hill towards Merida, where the French were in force. He halted at the above village, thinking himself sufficiently distant from the British to be perfectly safe. Hill, however, during weather so stormy as would prevent most troops from moving—through defiles so narrow and rugged as to be judged by others impracticable—rapidly pushed forward, and on the morning of the 28th October, when, in the language of Sir William Napier, "during the raging of a tempest, a thick mist rolled down the craggy mountain, a terrific shout was heard amid the clatter of the elements, and with the driving storm came the 71st and 92d regiments charging down the street." The French fought bravely and well, but such was the slaughter made among them by the two Highland regiments, more particularly by the 92d, which latterly took the lead, that only 600 of them escaped, and these saved themselves by throwing away their arms and packs, and scrambling up the face of a very steep hill. From 1200 to 1300 prisoners, including General Bron, and the Prince of Aremberg; all the French artillery, baggage, and commissariat, together with a contribution just raised, fell into the hands of Hill. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart of the 50th, for the time commanding the brigade, in making his report of

the action to Lieutenant-Colonel Rooke, says, "I distinctly saw the real gallantry, and the good military conduct of the Lieutenant-Colonels, the Hon. H. Cadogan, and J. Cameron, at the head of their respective corps. The latter officer was wounded early, but did not for a moment quit the command of his regiment until the affair was entirely concluded."

This wound, though not actually severe, had well nigh proved fatal. While holding his sword, a musket-ball struck him in the middle-finger of the right hand, passed through the hilt of the sword, and hit him on the breast. The resistance offered by the hilt, however, was so great as to deprive the ball of its force, so that he suffered no injury except the loss of his finger, and a contusion on the breast.

The sword which had so fortunately proved a shield to him on this occasion, he forwarded to his father, mentioning, at the same time, that it had been a gift from his much-respected friend Mr Gordon, Paymaster to the regiment. In the letter in which he states this, he says to his father: "None of the country lads was either killed or wounded. Captains D. M'Donald, J. M'Pherson, and Dunbar, wounded; Captain M'Donald, Dalchosney, very severely. The 71st and 92d led in the storming of the village, and it is said, though I do not vouch for it, that the first intelligence the French commander had of our being near him, was hearing our pipers playing, 'Hey, Johnnie Cope, are you waukin' yet?'"

This story, true or false, seems to have taken a strong hold of the minds of the soldiers of the 92d, and set the poets among them to work in torturing the name of Gerard, so as to fit into the lines composed to old "Johnnie Cope," of sleepy memory. Others, again, manufactured words to the same air, but claiming some measure of originality in the arrangement. There are three versions before us, sent by Colonel Cameron to amuse his friends. There are variations and interlineations quite in the style of laboured and oft-corrected composition; but we must say of the best of them, that they are more creditable to the patriotism and pluck, than to the poetic powers of the 92d. We venture to give one stanza, and one only, as a specimen:—

"Go and tell Napoleon, go,
While Freedom's laws he tramples low,
That Highland boys will be his foe,
And meet them all in the morning.

"Hey, *Monsieur Gerard*, are ye waukin' yet?" etc.

After this action, so creditable to the generalship of Lord Hill, and to the bravery of his men, he returned to his old quarters, but not to rest there. To protect the resources of Estremadura against the French commander Drouet, his division was kept in constant motion for a considerable time, in the midst of severe winter weather, and amid great hardships. He gained an important advantage over the enemy at Nava de Membrillos; but what is chiefly remarkable is, that amid constant marching and counter-marching during a most inclement season, bivouacking on the hill-side, without tent or shelter, ill fed and ill paid, very few men of the division perished. It is said that the 92d lost only two men, who died from exhaustion, and these two were commissioned officers.

On the 18th May, 1812, Hill achieved another victory, and one of greater importance than the surprise of Gerard. It being of great consequence, in order to break the communication between Soult and Marmont, to seize three forts on the Tagus, named Mirabete, Ragusa, and Fort Napoleon, he undertook the enterprise with 6000 men. So difficult was the road to be traversed, that the scaling-ladders were cut into two, in order to be carried through the narrow and quick-turning gorges of the mountains. It was intended to take the French by surprise. They were found, however, fully prepared, and the attack on Mirabete was countermanded. That on Fort Napoleon was undertaken, and successfully carried out, in spite of the great natural strength of the place, turned to the best advantage by engineering skill, defended by heavy artillery, and by more than 1000 proved men. The scaling-ladders were found far too short, but there being a berm left about the middle of the scarp, which afforded a footing, these dauntless men, after ascending

to this ledge, drew the ladders after them, planted them anew on the berm, and poured over the parapet with force which could not be resisted. The French were driven back. Some were pushed into the river, others sought safety in a strong stone-work which guarded the head of the bridge; but hither the 92d, with Cameron at their head, rushed in along with them, defying every opposition, with clubbed muskets, swords, and even sledge-hammers, smiting and slaying on every side. The carnage was dreadful. Not only was Fort Napoleon speedily taken, but the panic created by the fierce daring of the Highlanders extended itself to the troops in Ragusa, on the other side of the river; and they, after breaking down the bridge, which might have enabled their comrades to escape, abandoned the fort. Several grenadiers of the 92d sprang into the river, swam across, and seizing some boats on the Ragusa side, brought them over, and thus enabled their companions to cross, so that both forts were captured.

After this most gallant exploit, Hill retired to Merida, and with a force of 23,000 men confronted Drouet for a considerable time. No battle was fought, but there was great hardship endured, and toil undergone—severely trying alike to the constitutions and the discipline of the men.

The next employment of the division was to cover the rear of the main army when Wellington advanced towards Salamanca. Here, after some days of counter-manœuvring, each of which turned out in favour of the French, placing the British in a worse situation than the preceding, one unguarded movement made by Marmont, caught the eagle eye of Wellington, and called forth the celebrated exclamation, "At last I have them!" followed by the instantaneous charge which completely routed the French, and deprived them of 14,000 men. This great victory was gained on the 22d July, 1812. Immediately afterwards, Wellington advanced towards Madrid, and in September formed the siege of Burgos. Hill's division occupied Madrid, and guarded the besieging army to the South.

The manner in which the siege of Burgos was conducted, and more especially the retreat, after it was raised, have, as is universally known, drawn more censure on Wellington than probably any other portion of his military career. After persevering for thirty days, and making repeated ineffectual attempts to carry the place by storm, the siege was raised, and that retreat commenced where the army hurried onwards during most inclement weather, without regular food or proper clothing, and pressed on by 60,000 French in every way well equipped, endured misery at the remembrance of which some of the survivors shudder to the present day. Disorder and disorganisation prevailed to a most alarming extent, and this drew forth the celebrated censure from Lord Wellington, which excited deep dissatisfaction, and even bitter indignation, more especially on account of the universality of its terms—confounding the deserving with the undeserving. A parallel has been frequently drawn between the retreat of Burgos, and that of Corunna; and the latter, amid far greater difficulties, is, by many military critics, allowed to have been conducted with more skill, and certainly with a manifestation of a kindlier, and more sympathising spirit on the part of its leader. Hill's division was involved in all the hardships of this disastrous movement, and fortunately there is a letter by Colonel Cameron written on the 12th December following to his friend General Hope, where there is a minute account given of what they did and suffered. We omit the professional account given of the various movements, and the minute enumeration of the various stations occupied; but the following statements from one so hardy and resolute, show that the suffering must have been extreme: "From the 27th October to the 20th November, we were exposed to greater hardships than I thought the human frame could bear. Mine, I know, was very near yielding to it. In most inclement weather, with the canopy of heaven for our covering, wet, cold, and hungry, we were generally marching day and night, especially during the 16th, 17th, and 18th. Fifteen poor fellows of the 92d fell down, and were lost. My heart bled for them. . . . . But I am

sick of it. Should I write from June to January, I can give no adequate idea of the horrible scene."

In a very brief letter of the same period to his brother, now Sir Duncan, he says: "I have just passed through the most wretched, and distressing occurrences of my military life, which, perhaps, I may detail by next post."

The brigade to which he belonged—Howard's—was entrusted with a most perilous duty during this retreat, but one which was essential for the safety of the army, and which was discharged with intrepid, enduring fortitude, that would, by itself alone, suffice to stamp them as among the best soldiers of that distinguished army. Soult was pressing on so closely that it became absolutely necessary to check his progress for a time. The town of Alba, once a Roman town, situated on the river Tormes, and thus called Alba de Tormes, was selected as the best place for making a stand; and here the 92d, 50th, and 71st, were ordered to hold out to the last. The town was in ruins, the old wall full of gaps; the place was completely commanded by the surrounding heights, and 10,000 French, with a heavy park of artillery, commenced the assault on the morning of 9th November. Cameron, in the above letter, says: "We did what we could to improve our situation during the short time left us. I threw an old door across the place where the gate once had been, and barricaded it with sticks and stones. . . . We had not a single piece of ordnance. Just as the clock of Alba struck two, the French columns moved to the attack, and, from that time until night, we sustained a hurricane of shot and shell from twenty pieces of cannon! Their riflemen threw themselves into ditches and ravines round the walls, but their masses never forsook the protection of their artillery, which was most dastardly for Soult, with ten thousand men!"

From the 9th to the 14th this most unequal struggle continued, but with far greater loss to the French than to the small British band, who, carefully tended by their leader, held their own with singularly little loss.

At the end of five days, the main army having gained sufficient distance, and the French having crossed the river some leagues higher up, the gallant brigade was ordered to withdraw. This they did in the most perfect order, blowing up the bridge over the Alba, and, as Cameron says, "the last sentinel of the 92d knocked the Frenchman opposite to him heels over head."

It is said, that on the 8th, the day before the attack was commenced, a French officer, of high rank, approached so close to the position of the 92d that several muskets were levelled at him, when Cameron, disdaining to take such an advantage, promptly forbade the firing of a shot. It was Soult who was thus saved; and strange, indeed, are the "chances of war" as they appear to us, though all regulated by a higher Power. The dreadful carnage of the 92d at Maya, the loss of thousands of brave men through the blood-stained passes of the Pyrenees, might have been saved, had not Cameron, at this moment, stayed the deadly weapons of his soldiers.

The whole of the British army at length got into winter quarters throughout Leon, their wants being abundantly supplied from Ciudad Rodrigo. Seven thousand are said to have been lost during the retreat, and many perished throughout the winter, in consequence of the hardships they had endured. Among these was Colonel Stewart of the 50th, a brave and kind-hearted man, very deeply regretted by the whole brigade. Cameron's health and strength continued unimpaired throughout the whole struggle.

During the winter months Wellington succeeded in completely restoring the discipline and high tone of his army, which had been for a season so relaxed. He received supplies of clothing, as well as of money and large reinforcements of troops, from Britain. He got the command of the Spanish armies into his own hands. Thus he was, by the beginning of summer, 1813, in circumstances incomparably more favourable than he had hitherto been in. Besides, Soult having been called away to Germany to prop the tottering fabric of the Emperor's greatness, and the affairs of Spain being committed to the vacillating Joseph, it was easier for the

British commander to carry out his plans on a comprehensive scale than it would have been in the face of such an able opponent.

These plans are said by competent judges to have manifested marvellous powers of far-seeing calculation; and the execution was as vigorous as the conception was able.

By a series of movements during May and the early part of June, all prearranged and mutually connected, he compelled the French armies, under Joseph and Jourdan, to gather together in the basin of Vitoria—ill adapted in every respect for their purpose, but admirably for his; and there, on the 20th June, he brought his whole force of 78,000 men to bear upon them.

The utter defeat of the French armies, shattering their power in Spain, and delivering untold spoils into the hands of the British, are universally known as the results of the battle of Vitoria. We must speak, however, of the 92d and their leader. He had, some time before this, got the command of the First Brigade of Hill's Division, and had successfully sustained various attacks by the French General Foy to dislodge them from Bejar. On the day of Vitoria he had a task of no ordinary difficulty entrusted to him. The village and hill, or rather mountain of Puebla, formed a very important part of the French position, and were guarded with corresponding care, being occupied in great force by Maransin. The village was seized early in the day; then the mountain—so steep, that to ascend it was rather climbing than walking—was attacked. Cameron was ordered to "seize the heights, and to hold them while he had a man left." Such orders were welcome to him; and to the war-notes of the "Cameron's gathering," he and his brave followers ascended the mountain side. The resistance was comparatively feeble until they neared the summit, but then a fierce and deadly struggle commenced. The French fought resolutely—when their ranks were thinned they received reinforcements—and long continued the fight with unyielding determination. Colonel Cadogan of the 71st—a truly admirable officer, beloved by his soldiers and by his fellow-officers, by none more than Cameron—was slain; hundreds of

the brigade fell; but the survivors, headed by Cameron, redoubled their daring, crowned the heights, and retained them, though exposed for a length of time to a most destructive fire. Hill passed the defile of Puebla, carried, after another obstinate conflict, the village of Subijana de Alava, and thus contributed greatly to the thorough victory of the day.

The battle of Vitoria, as we have said, broke the French power in Spain. The scattered remnants of their army were rapidly driven through the rugged passes of the Pyrenees; and this after the great disaster of Moscow, with the combination of the allied powers, marshalling such prodigious forces in Germany, led many to expect that France would immediately yield, and that the British might cross her frontiers without opposition. These formed, however, an utterly erroneous estimate of the marvellous powers of him who still ruled over France. The battles of Lutzen and Bautzen—displaying the genius of his earlier days, and for a time paralysing his opponents, mighty as they were—did much to restore the great influence of his magic name. On learning the news of Vitoria, he at once despatched Soult to Spain as Imperial Lieutenant, with the amplest authority; and that most able commander so restored the army which had been shattered under King Joseph and Jourdan, and so used it as to promise not only to guard the French frontier, but to wrest from the British the whole fruits of the great victory of the 20th June.

We enter not into the masterly combinations which he formed, and which, where under his own eye, were skilfully, and for a time, most successfully carried out, but direct our attention to the scene in the Pass of Maya, still mournfully, but proudly, remembered by many Highlanders. The guarding of this pass, a valley deep and rugged, devolved on Cameron, in the absence of his superior in command, Stewart, who is much blamed by Napier for not having perceived the enemy's design, and having prepared accordingly.

On the 25th July, 15,000 French troops, in the highest order, attacked the British, not amounting to a fifth of that number, and considerably

scattered. For a time the enemy advanced rapidly, driving the outposts and skirmishers easily before them, but Cameron, making the most skilful dispositions which his small force allowed of, speedily checked their course. "That fierce and formidable old regiment," the 50th, not merely checked the French column, but drove it back a considerable distance. The 92d he divided into two wings, which did all that men could do. The overpowering numbers of the French, however, proved irresistible, and the British were obliged to draw back, until they reached the rock of Maya, where the valley contracted, and where, consequently, a stand was more easily made. Here the scene was appalling, and such as must sadden any one to relate or to contemplate. For *ten hours* that brave band maintained the conflict against five times their number. "That officer (Cameron) still holding the pass with the left wings of the 71st and 92d, then brought their right wings and the Portuguese guns into action, and thus maintained the fight; but so dreadful was the slaughter, especially of the 92d, that it is said the advancing enemy was actually stopped by the heaped mass of dead and dying; and then the left wing of that noble regiment coming down from the higher ground, smote wounded friends and exulting foes alike, as mingled together they stood or crawled before its wasting fire. Never did soldiers fight better—seldom so well. The stern valour of the 92d would have graced Thermopylae."*

At length, just as the ammunition was about being expended, and as some of the soldiers had recourse to stones, which they hurled at the enemy, they received succour from General Barnes, who advanced with a considerable body of men. The shattered remnant of the 92d was forbidden to charge; but, whether from the determination to avenge their slaughtered comrades, or from being suddenly seized by that *battle delirium* frequently spoken of in their native tongue as "mire catha," causing, as is thought, insane joy, even exultation, in the fiercest fight, and resistlessly urging on to the deadliest danger, these warriors dashed for-

* Napier, Vol. V., pp. 219 and 221.

ward at the very head of the charge, and hurled their enemies back over the ground that had been lost. This charge was led by Captain Seton, and animated by the war-tune of the "Haughs of Cromdale," one of Cameron's favourite pipe tunes. It was indeed "stern valour," but the loss to the regiment was frightful; 324 privates, out of about 750, fell there; 19 officers were killed or wounded. Colonel Cameron received three wounds. His horse was killed, and his cloak, strapped on the front of his saddle, was pierced in several places. His faithful follower, Ewen Macmillan, who fortunately escaped unhurt, led him forth from the battle, and guided him to some shelter, where his wounds were dressed. Major Mitchell, who succeeded to his command, was likewise struck down. Ewen Kennedy, who had left Lochaber as a private, but had, through Cameron's influence, been promoted to a commission, was killed, as were many other officers of the highest character and promise. Captain Seton, who showed such headlong daring, was spared to lead the remains of the regiment out of the field. For his distinguished conduct on this day, Colonel Cameron was permitted by the King to bear the name Maya upon his shield.

We must pass rapidly over the many exciting events of the Pyrenees, forming the most spirit-stirring portion of the whole Peninsular war, and where the natives of the mountains had many advantages over their fellow-soldiers from the plains and the cities. After many fierce encounters between the contending armies, after many extraordinary adventures from regiments now bewildered in mists that darkened the hill-tops, and again gaining most unlooked-for advantages from being thus shrouded from the gaze of the enemy, the two battles of Sauroren, where Wellington commanded in person, along with gallant strokes by Picton, and Cole, and Hill, completely turned back the tide of success that had hitherto favoured Soult, and compelled him to retreat without succouring the garrisons of Sebastian, or Pampeluna, far less driving the British across the Ebro, as he had anticipated. Instead of this, he was in the most imminent danger of being completely surrounded by the skilful arrangements of his opponents

about St Estevan. "A few hours gained," says Napier,* "and Soult must surrender or disperse;" but "three marauding English soldiers," crossing the ridge which had hitherto effectually concealed the British, gave warning of danger. In half-an-hour the French drums beat to arms, and their columns moved on to Sumbella. "Thus the disobedience of three plundering knaves, unworthy of the name of soldiers, deprived one consummate commander of the most splendid success, and saved another from the most terrible disaster." Soult's retreat was, however, disastrous, and by the 1st August, he was obliged to abandon the Spanish territory with a loss of 15,000 of his best troops, but inflicting a loss of full 7000 on the allies.

Wellington followed him, and on the 7th September, having crossed the Bidasoa, planted the victorious standard of Britain on the soil of France, for so many years deemed not merely inaccessible to foes, but producing heroes whom no foe could withstand.

Before this time Colonel Cameron recovered from his wounds, had rejoined his regiment, and, at the head of that splendid body, was the first to cross the river Nivelle, when the important and long-contested battle of that name was fought. He also greatly distinguished himself in fording the Nive at Cambo. Here he, and Gordon of the 50th—afterwards General Gordon of Lochdu, who lived to the great age of eighty-eight—advanced side by side; and on the authority of the latter, we mention the following characteristic incident:—

When in the ford of the Nive, Colonel Cameron's favourite piper was hit by a ball from the enemy, and fell down by his side. He at once stopped to render assistance, and, on finding that his assistance was of no avail, he exclaimed, in the saddest tone, that the loss of twenty of the regiment would not be so severely felt by him as that of this one man! There was little time for lamentation, however. Heavy columns of the enemy were guarding the bank, but neither the river nor the enemy could

* Vol. V., p. 243.

stay the advance of these heroic men. They advanced steadily and rapidly, and the French yielded before them.

From the period of crossing the Bidasoa to the battle of Toulouse, it might be said that there was constant fighting between the two armies, and many instances of profound calculation were displayed by the two great commanders, many instances of noble valour by their troops. But from the passage of the Nive, on the 9th December, to the battle of St Pierre, on the 13th, for five consecutive days the combat was fierce and unintermitting. "It is agreed by French and English that the battle of St Pierre was one of the most desperate of the whole war. Wellington said he had never seen a field so thickly strewn with dead: nor can the vigour of the combatants be well denied where five thousand men were killed or wounded in three hours, upon a space of one mile square."*

The gaining of the decisive victory was, according to the same authority, very much due to Hill, who acted in "a manner that in less eventful times would have rendered him the hero of a nation." The 92d charged early in the day against two regiments of French, who gave way completely before the onset; but Soult brought such a storm of artillery to bear on them that they, in their turn, were obliged to retreat. Their old comrades, the 71st, gave way also; but the "fierce and formidable" 50th, and the Portuguese, "fought desperately," to give time to the 92d to rally and re-form. "Then its gallant Colonel—Cameron—once more led it down the road, with colours flying and music playing, resolved to give the shock to whatever stood in the way. At this sight the British skirmishers on the flanks, suddenly changing from retreat to attack, rushed forward, and drove those of the enemy back on each side. A small force was the 92d compared with the heavy mass in its front, . . . but that mass faced about and retired across the valley." . . . "How gloriously did that regiment come forth again to charge, with their colours flying and their national music playing as if going to a review! This was to understand war. The

* Napier, Vol. V., p. 415.

man who in that moment, and immediately after a repulse, thought of such military pomp, was by nature a soldier."*

For his services on this day Cameron received an honorary badge marked with the word *Nive*.

At St Pierre the faithful Macmillan signalised not only his devotion to his master's person, but his care for his master's property, in a manner worthy of being commemorated, and with a contempt of danger deserving of all honour. Colonel Cameron, during the first advance, had his horse killed under him, and the sudden fall entangled him so as completely to disable him for a moment. A Frenchman rushed on him, and was on the very point of transfixing him with his bayonet, when the ever-present Macmillan transfixed the Frenchman. He instantly liberated his master, led him forward till he reached his own men, then suddenly turning round, he made his way back to the dead horse, cut the girths, and raising the saddle on his shoulders, rejoined the 92d, displaying his trophy, and exclaiming, "We must leave them the carcase, but they shan't get the saddle where Fassiefern sat!" All this was done in the midst of hot and heavy firing, during the progress of one of the fiercest and deadliest fights that occurred during the whole war. The anecdote, however, is abundantly vouched. "Kindred to twenty (degrees), fosterage to a hundred;" "Woe to the father of the foster-son who is unfaithful to his trust;" are old Gaelic sayings; and their spirit has often been exemplified by devotedness as pure and exalted as that of Pythias to Damon, or any other recorded, whether in ancient or modern story.

The storminess of the weather suspended operations for a short time, but frost having set in, Wellington moved his forces on the 14th February, 1814, and in the following sixteen days accomplished what probably he only, with the nobly-disciplined army under his command, could have accomplished in the time or in the circumstances. He constructed a bridge across the Adour—a "stupendous undertaking, which must always

* Napier, Vol. V., pp. 408 and 416.

rank with the prodigies of war." "He traversed with his right wing eighty miles; passed five large and several small rivers; forced the enemy to abandon two fortified bridge-heads, and many minor works; gained one great battle and two combats; captured six guns, and a thousand prisoners; seized the magazines at Dax, Mont Morsan, and Aire; forced Soult to abandon Bayonne, and also cut him off from Bordeaux."*

In all these operations Hill's division bore a conspicuous part, and no regiment was more constantly engaged than the 92d. They fought with their usual resolution at Hellete, and on the summit of Garris, where Seton, who had led them out from the bloody Maya Pass, at length fell; but at Arriverette, on the banks of the Gauve de Moleon, they especially distinguished themselves. Their Colonel was ordered to make a demonstration at some distance up the river, with the view of inducing the enemy to withdraw part of their number from the bridge, which they held in great force. He asked permission to turn the feint into a real attack if he should see cause. Discretionary power was given him. Discovering a fordable place, he plunged into the stream, led his undaunted followers across, under a storm of shot from the French artillery, rushed upon the enemy in the village, which they strongly held, and rapidly routed them; more than this, continuing the impetuous charge, he drove them from the bridge-head, and thus enabled the whole division to cross. For this splendid achievement he received from His Majesty an additional ornamentation to his crest, which we shall mention below.

The battle of Orthes, fought on the 27th February, 1814, seemed for a time to declare all in favour of Soult, who, in a moment of exultation, which must have been indeed gladdening, is said to have slapped his thigh and to have exclaimed, looking at his dread antagonist, as he thought, in inextricable difficulties, "At last, I have them!" But that antagonist never showed his characteristic qualities of imperturbable calmness in danger, and daring promptness in action, more conspicuously than on that occasion.

* Napier, Vol. VI., p. 112.

By splendid generalship, worthily seconded by his splendid troops, he speedily changed the whole aspect of affairs, gained a complete victory, which, however, he did not follow up as he might, pained and retarded, it is said, by a wound which he had received in the early part of the day.

Here, as usual, Cameron and the Gordon Highlanders were foremost in the fray, and here he was rewarded by an additional honorary badge for his conduct in the battle.

On the 2d of March, the French occupied a steep ridge in front of the town of Aire—high and wooded on the right, where it overlooked the river—a truly strong position, which, however, Hill attacked without hesitation. The Portuguese, not showing the valour which, after their training by British officers, they had often displayed, gave way, and the battle was on the point of being lost, when the 92d, and the 50th, came to the rescue. Their charge was so vehement, as at once to turn the stream of the fight, and Byng's brigade coming up, completed the rout of the French, after which Cameron took possession of the town.

For his conduct on this occasion, he received a reward which we shall describe in the words of the Royal Patent conferring the distinction. He was authorised to bear, "above the cognisance of Lochiel, a representation of the town of Aire, in allusion to his glorious services on the 2d March last, when, after an arduous and sanguinary conflict, he succeeded in forcing a superior body of the enemy to abandon the said town; and subsequently he had the honour to receive an address from the inhabitants, expressive of their gratitude for the maintenance of discipline, by which he had saved them from plunder and destruction."

Amid the distinctions which were at this time so numerously bestowed on him, none places his character in a higher or more honourable light than this of Aire. It shows that he was not merely a successful soldier, but more than this, that he regarded as sacred the rights of the citizens; and it proves the extraordinary power he had over his men, when he could preserve from "pillage and destruction" a town entered under such cir-

cumstances "after an arduous and sanguinary conflict." The laurels earned in the Peninsula were too often tarnished by the "pillage and destruction" of towns and villages. The saving them from such dire infliction reflects the highest honour on the commander.

The bloody and needless battle of Toulouse followed on the 10th April. We do not enter on the question, so often discussed, as to who was answerable for the slaughter of the 8,000 men that fell in this destructive conflict, nor yet on the apparently absurd assertion that Soult gained a victory. He was compelled to abandon Toulouse and all his lines of defence, and Wellington, beyond question, attained the objects which he sought. The 92d were not in the immediate vicinity of Toulouse, but they were hotly engaged at a little distance above the town, where, it is sufficient to say, they displayed their usual stern valour.

CHAPTER V.

PEACE OF PARIS—RETURN HOME—THE BELGIAN CAMPAIGN—FALL AT QUATRE BRAS—TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of Toulouse, full confirmation was brought of news which some time previously would have been utterly incredible, for often had the hearts of the bravest well nigh failed in contemplation of what seemed the destiny of Napoleon. Even Pitt himself had once flung aside the map of Europe, saying, "It might be closed for half a century." It was at length confirmed that he "who had made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms," had been stripped of the many crowns which he had grasped—deprived of the many kingdoms which he had conquered, and was henceforth to be a prisoner in the power, a pensioner on the bounty of his enemies—that peace was at length restored to Europe.

We doubt not that many of "the chief ones of the earth, of the kings of the nations," who had so often trembled at the dread name of Buonaparte, must have exclaimed in wonder: "Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like one of us? How art thou fallen, O son of the morning!"

That Peninsular army, trained by their great leader to deeds which truly equal "Greek or Roman fame," probably the most efficient and resistless army ever seen, if we except Cromwell's "redoubtable Ironsides," must have felt no slight degree of exultation on reviewing the part which they had acted in bringing the great drama to such a close. Sure we are, however, at the same time, that "the soft peace-march, home, brothers, home"—must have sounded sweetly in their ears after so many years of

absence, of conflict, and of danger. Joyous, indeed, was the welcome awaiting them at that home, and great was the happiness of many a father and many a mother as they again embraced brave sons for whose fate they had so often trembled, though in many, very many instances that happiness was checkered by the memory of brave sons whose memory alone survived.

The country generally was filled with enthusiasm which it is now difficult to realise. Britain had come forth from the long-protracted and oft doubtful struggle, "the most triumphant nation in the world," and her gratitude to those who had achieved her triumph was expressed in overflowing liberality. Peerages and pensions—well-won unquestionably—were showered on the heroes of the Peninsula; but, as always happens in the distribution of such honours, some were neglected who were considered by themselves, and by many others, entitled to distinction. Among these was Colonel Cameron. He had obtained a Brevet-Colonelcy on 4th June, and a full Colonelcy afterwards; but he thought that he was entitled to the rank of Knighthood, which had been conferred on some whose services did not equal his.

He applied to the Horse Guards, and was answered by the Duke of York, that, "according to the fixed principle laid down and approved of by the Prince Regent, no officer of the army holding the rank of Colonel or Lieutenant-Colonel, has been created a Commander of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, who had not been previously recommended for Five Badges of distinction, in commemoration of important victories obtained by His Majesty's arms in the field."

Not satisfied with this answer, Colonel Cameron laid his case before the Duke of Wellington, then in Vienna. In a letter, dated 17th January, 1815, after recounting the various services performed by the 92d, he says: "As far as I am personally concerned, I assure you, my Lord Duke, most solemnly, that I would not put pen to paper on the subject. But when I reflect that there are few in the army who do not know what my

claims are in comparison with some whose services have been rewarded by five or six medals, and the honour of K.C.B.—especially when I consider that the 92d feel, as a reproach to themselves, the contempt and neglect shown to their Commander, in comparison with some whom they well remember acting as subalterns and captains under him, when he was in command of battalions, or even of brigades—I cannot resist the temptation of earnestly soliciting your Grace's consideration of the case in their favour."

The Duke wrote a long autograph letter from Vienna, February 5th, 1815, in which, after minutely explaining the rules, to which he was bound to conform in recommending officers for medals, or other distinction, he says: "I have had nothing to do with the selection of the officers recently appointed Knights Commanders of the Bath. I did not know their names until I saw them in the *Gazette*.

"If you had known these facts, I hope the same spirit of justice by which I have always been animated, would have induced you to spare me the pain of receiving the reproaches and charges of injustice contained in your letter, and that you would have defended me with the 92d, and that you would have shown them that the regulations, and not I, deprived you of those marks of honour which they wished to see you obtain. As these facts are in the knowledge of everybody, it is scarcely possible to believe that you was not aware of them; and I attribute the harshness of your letter solely to the irritation which you naturally feel in considering your own case.

"However, the expression of this irritation, however unjust towards me, and unpleasant to my feelings, has not made me forget the services which you and your brave corps rendered upon every occasion on which you was called upon; and although I am afraid it is too late, I have recommended you in the strongest terms to the Secretary of State."

We see not, in Colonel Cameron's letter, which we have given above,

any expressions containing a charge of injustice against the Duke; but, considering that he viewed it so, the frank and generous conclusion of his letter is assuredly most creditable to his good feeling, and to the military character of his correspondent.

We have most abundant proof that it was no vanity on the part of Colonel Cameron, nor any partiality entertained by his regiment towards their favourite leader, which led to the opinion of his being unjustly overlooked on this occasion.

Lieutenant-General Sir William Stewart—whom Napier characterises as a "brave, energetic, zealous, indefatigable man, and of a magnanimous spirit"—writing from London on the 23d January, 1815, says: "Before I received your letter, my dear Colonel, I had not only anticipated what your feelings would be on perusing the list of K.C.B.s, but I had myself felt every degree of regret, and, I will add, of indignation, at seeing your name omitted in that list. I may say truly that it was the first name I looked for there.

"I have been waiting this afternoon for some hours in General Torrens'* outer-room, to speak to him about the injustice of your case, and the singularity of omitting likewise my friend Abercrombie; and after having had much conversation with him on the subject, I came away as little aware as before of the real principle which has been gone upon in making the curious selection of K.C.B.s. I was warm with him, and expressed my feelings freely, but could get no more than that the selection was made without favour or affection, but simply as individuals happened to have more or fewer medals, or to have had their names appear in a public dispatch. My remark was, 'Of course it is avowed, then, to be no order of merit.' I did not like to say too much invidiously of some who had been under my command, but I assured him that I could not with patience see your name omitted—you, whose services, zeal, and steady adherence to duty, at the head of one of the finest

* Secretary to the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief.

regiments in H.M.'s service, had invariably acquired the admiration of our Peninsular and allied armies."

It was Sir William Stewart who had ordered Cameron, at Vitoria, to seize the heights of Puebla, "and to hold them while he had a man left," so that he well knew what he had done, and could do;—but there is still higher testimony borne to him on this occasion. Lord Hill, writing from Hawkstone, near Shrewsbury, January 31, 1815, says:—

"I beg to inform you that I had not the least idea that the new order was to take place until I opened the *Gazette*, and saw the whole arrangement in it. With respect to yourself, I can only say that it would have given me great pleasure and satisfaction to have seen your name in the list, for I assure you I never can forget the eminent services rendered to me, by yourself and your excellent regiment, during our late campaigns. . . .

"I remain,

"My Dear Colonel,

"Yours very faithfully,

"HILL."

Further, his ever-faithful friend, General Hope—by this time Lord Niddry—writes him on the 21st January from Hawley, near Bagshot, saying,—

"My Dear Colonel,—I have received yours of the 13th, and can assure you that I felt almost as much concern as you will yourself on seeing that you were not included in the late arrangements for extending the Honour of the Bath, and I have written to the Commander-in-Chief's Secretary as strongly as it is in my power to do, in support of your claim. On what principle the arrangement has been made, or what is the rule followed, I know not; but it appears to have given more general dissatisfaction than anything within my remembrance. I have requested General Torrens, that if any opening yet remains, or if any chance is to be expected, he will bring your case before the Commander-in-Chief; but I think you should transmit to them a more detailed statement of your services than it has been in my power to do.

"I am writing in a very uneasy and constrained position—my wound* continuing to incommode me much, and being much more troublesome than when I saw you in Kent; and therefore I can only add my very best compliments, and Lady Niddry's, to your father and all the family,—and I always am,

"My Dear Colonel,

"Yours faithfully,

"NIDDRY."

On the 5th February his Lordship sends the following extract from General Torrens' reply to his application:—"Suffice it to say that Colonel Cameron has been excluded, not from want of a thorough conviction of his peculiar merits and distinguished gallantry, but because he did not come within the line—namely, that he had not been recommended for Five Medals."

We have above given Sir William Stewart's letter to Colonel Cameron, but he did not confine the expression of his favourable opinion to mere private correspondence. On the thanks of Parliament being given to that gallant officer (24th June, 1814) for his conduct at the battle of Vitoria, after paying, in his reply, an eloquent and well-merited compliment to Colonel Cadogan, who there closed his brave career, he adds: I should be ungrateful for the services rendered me by Colonel Cameron and by General Byng on that, as on all occasions, if I were not to advert to them in my present place; for to their exertions and support am I indebted for the success of those measures of which I am reaping the rich reward from my country at your too generous hands this day." And again, on being thanked for his conduct in the Pyrenees, he says:—"Supported as I was by my gallant friend on my right (Major-General Pringle), by such corps as the 92d Highlanders and the 50th British Infantry, I should have been without

* This distinguished commander was severely wounded and taken prisoner during a sally made at night by the French garrison of Bayonne, on the 14th April, 1814, three days after the battle of Toulouse. Captain Hemes, and Mr Moore—a nephew of Sir John Moore—who had endeavoured to release him when lying under his horse, were also struck down, and made prisoners along with him.

excuse if a less firm stand had been made on the positions of the Pyrenees than was made."

The following communication, made by the Highland Society of Scotland to Colonel Cameron, is also worthy of insertion, as showing the estimation in which he was held by that most influential body of noblemen and gentlemen, and also the opinion entertained of him by Lord Hill:—

"EDINBURGH, 24*th Feb.*, 1814.

"SIR,—I have it in charge from the Highland Society of Scotland, in behalf of the Society, to address you in consequence of the letter from Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill (of which a copy is annexed) having been communicated to the Society. While the testimony of so distinguished an officer as Sir Rowland Hill to the gallantry and good conduct of the Highland Regiments is highly gratifying to the Society, the Directors have, at the same time, desired me to assure you of the peculiar pleasure they have felt that you, a member of the Society, descended of an ancient Highland family of the first respectability, should have so signalised yourself in the immediate command of a brigade of these regiments, as to merit the handsome encomiums bestowed upon you by the Lieutenant-General; and the Directors have high satisfaction in adding their suffrage, in the name of the Society, to the highly honourable testimony of Sir Rowland Hill. The regiments referred to have always been distinguished, but on this occasion the Directors cannot refrain from expressing their admiration of the conduct of the 92d, when, on the 13th December last, led by you, they defeated, by successful charges, such very superior numbers of the enemy, as to call for the particular notice of General Hill. The Directors have no doubt that, by perseverance in the zealous discharge of the duties of the profession in which you have so long and so honourably served, you will soon be promoted to a rank which will enable you still farther to distinguish yourself, for the credit of the Highlands and advantage of the country.

"I have the honour to be,

(Signed) "R. M'DONALD, SECY.

"To Licutenant-Colonel CAMERON, 92d Regiment, etc. etc."

From Sir Rowland Hill, K.B., to the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.:—

"VIEUX MORGERIE, *Jan.* 8, 1814.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging note, transmitting to me the report of the competition of Highland pipers in Edinburgh in July last, and which I had great pleasure in communicating to the 71st and 92d Highland regiments under my command. In justice to these distinguished corps, it affords me the highest satisfaction to state that they have, on all occasions, imitated the example of their warlike ancestors. The conduct of the officers and men throughout these campaigns has been so uniformly good, as to make it almost unnecessary for me to select particular individuals for praise. Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron of the 92d does, however, demand that distinction; during the greater part of the battle of Vitoria, he commanded my first brigade, 50th, 71st, and 92d regiments, and also at Maya, and other severe operations in the Pyrenees. I am also much indebted to him for leading the gallant 92d in several successful charges against very superior numbers of the enemy's troops in the battle of the 13th of last month, near Bayonne. With the highest respect for the patriotic Highland Society, of which you are so distinguished a member,

"I have the honour to be, etc., etc.,

"R. HILL, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL."

We have already referred to some of the honorary badges conferred on him from time to time by his Sovereign, but we think it proper to give, in full, the terms in which one of these grants of armorial ensigns was made, as containing an authoritative record of his services. We omit only the formal preamble, and the lengthy designations and signature of Norroy, Clarencieux, etc., etc., King-at-arms:—

"Whereas, taking into our royal consideration the able and highly-distinguished services of our trusty and well-beloved John Cameron, Esq., Colonel in our army, and Lieutenant-Colonel of our 92d Highland Regiment of foot, upon various occasions in Holland in the year 1799, in

Egypt in the year 1801, and the recent glorious and ever-memorable campaigns in Portugal, Spain, and France, under our Field-Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington; and more especially the signal intrepidity and heroic bravery displayed by him in the action of Aroyo Moulino on the 28th October, 1811, in defence of the Pass of Maya on the 25th July, 1813, and more particularly in the brilliant action of the 13th December, 1813, near Bayonne, in crossing the Gava de Moulino at Arriverete on the 17th day of February, 1814, and compelling a very superior force of the enemy to abandon the town of Aire on the 2d March, 1814; and being desirous of conferring upon the said Colonel John Cameron such a mark of our royal favour as may, in an especial manner, evince the sense we entertain of his distinguished merits, we have thought fit to grant unto him our royal license and permission for his wearing certain honourable armorial distinctions allusive thereto, whereby his faithful and zealous exertions in our service may be transmitted to posterity: know ye, that we, of our princely grace and special favour, having given and granted, and by these presents do give and grant, unto the said Colonel John Cameron, our royal license and authority that he, and his descendants, may, as a lasting memorial of our royal approbation of his highly-distinguished services, bear the crest of honourable augmentation following; that is to say, on a wreath, a demi-Highlander of the 92d Regiment armed and accoutred, and up to the middle in water, grasping in his dexter hand a broad sword, and in his sinister a banner inscribed 92d, within a wreath of laurel, and in an escrol above, 'Arriverete,' in allusion to the signal intrepidity displayed by him at the passage of the river Gava de Moulino, on the aforesaid 17th day of February, 1814, etc., etc.

"20th May, 1815."

In the same month he received a royal license to accept and wear the insignia of a Knight of the Royal Portuguese Military Order of the Tower and Sword, with which, in the terms of the license, "Our good brother

and cousin, His Royal Highness John Prince of Brazil, Prince Regent of Portugal, has been pleased to honour him, in testimony of the high sense which that Prince entertains of the great courage and intrepidity displayed by that officer in several actions with the enemy in the Peninsula."

Such expressions of esteem and regard from the distinguished Commanders under whom he had immediately served, and such public recognition of his merits by his own country, as well as by Portugal, must have been highly gratifying to Colonel Cameron, and all the more so on account of the full acknowledgment that technical and incidental forms alone excluded him from a mark of honour to which his distinguished merits gave him an ample title.

His regiment, on their return from the Peninsula, was stationed at Cork. He passed the end of 1814 and the beginning of 1815 among his friends in the Highlands, and, looking forward to pass his closing days in the home of his youth, to which his heart always clung, he obtained a lease of the lands of Fassiefern, his father having gone to reside at Arthurstone, a property in Perthshire which he had recently purchased.

All such visions of home and repose were, however, speedily dissipated by a fresh call to arms,—a call to arms so loud, so urgent, so universal, as has been rarely heard in the world, and such as we trust may be heard no more.

The great Congress at Vienna were leisurely, though not with unanimity or cordiality, reconstructing the map of the world, when, on 7th March, 1815, they were startled, "as if a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of the assembly," by the news that Napoleon had broken forth from his prison-house. Then they learned, day by day, of his triumphal progress to Paris, which he himself afterwards said was the happiest period of his life. The veterans, who had so often followed his eagles to victory, though they had sworn allegiance to the Bourbons, yet soon

"Swarmed round the old familiar well-loved banners."

To use his own expression, he was, in a few days, raised on their bucklers once more to the throne of France, and was soon prepared to defend that throne with 200,000 soldiers of the empire—a truly mighty host under such a mighty leader.

"The great powers" made preparations sufficient to withstand even this might. They bound themselves to bring 650,000 armed men to oppose this disturber of the world; and again the trumpet sounded from east to west, from north to south. However obvious and oft-repeated the remark, it is, and ever will continue to be, most marvellous, that one mortal man should exercise such a tremendous and such a baneful influence as this over his fellows; should banish peace from so many lands, and bring desolation on so many families; should, in a moment, overthrow so many of the existing relations of society; should, by one movement of his, compel the dwellers in the most distant regions—the Cossack from the steppes of the far east, and the Highlander from the mountains and islands of the far west—to gather together to the field of slaughter; should convulse all Europe, and sacrifice hundreds of thousands to the demands of his individual will. Millions had already perished to gratify the giant ambition of Napoleon; but many thousands more were yet doomed to complete the offering.

Britain knew full well that the torrent would first dash against her, and she promptly did all that skill and energy, backed by her inexhaustible wealth, could do, to stem its course. Messengers spurred "in hot haste" through all her borders, summoning all her warriors to the muster-place in Belgium, which had been chosen as the fittest for meeting the dread power wielded anew by Napoleon. Inexpressibly sad, as we have heard the tales often told, were the sudden partings which now once more severed families that had begun to taste the blessings of reunion and repose; and very remarkable were the adventures of many officers, who, living in remote places, were late of receiving the summons, and consequently had to make extraordinary efforts to reach the gathering-place in time.

Colonel Cameron left his aged father at Arthurstone, joined his regiment at Cork, and in the beginning of June reached Brussels, where eight battalions were placed under his command. These he brought to present such an effective appearance as to call forth unqualified admiration at the reviews which there took place.

On the 13th he dined with the Duke of Wellington; and on the 15th he attended the celebrated ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, where "Belgium's capital had gathered her beauty, and her chivalry." Late in the evening he was requested by the Duke to march with all speed on Quatre Brâs, and was, with characteristic caution, directed, as other officers were, to withdraw privately from the ball-room. He communicated with Mr Gordon, paymaster of the regiment, who had been, as formerly mentioned, for years on terms of the most cordial friendship with him, and on whose authority we state these minute details. They occupied the same billet. They walked together to it, and, familiar with danger, parted in the early morning without any anticipation of their being "parted to meet no more."

Colonel Cameron marched forwards to Quatre Brâs, animated and animating his men by the martial strains he loved so well.

> "Then wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose
> The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills have heard,
> And heard too have her Saxon foes,
> How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
> Savage and shrill! but with the breath which fills
> Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
> With the fierce native daring which instils
> The stirring memory of a thousand years,
> And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each Clansman's ears."

By 2 P.M. he was in front of the enemy. The doings of that day are well known; but while the glory of Waterloo—"the first and last of fields, king-making victory"—casts into the shade every other event of the "hundred days," we doubt whether any day, until that of Inker-

mann, reflects brighter lustre on the stern Roman fortitude of the British, than does that of Quatre Brâs. With fearful odds against them, deserted by the Belgian horse, labouring under many sore and heavy disadvantages, they and the brave black Brunswickers, again and again repelled the French, led on by the fiery Ney—"the bravest of the brave"—now more brave and fiery than ever, in order to cover with success the great treason of which he had been guilty. It was, however, at a terrible sacrifice that the British repulsed the French on that day. The noble 92d was dreadfully thinned; many gallant officers, and about 300 privates, were struck down. But the loss which the survivors, which the army generally, as well as the great captain himself, regretted most deeply, was that of their Colonel, who here "closed his life of fame by a death of glory."

We give the account of his fall as related to us by an eye-witness still living to confirm the narrative. The regiment lined a ditch in front of the Namur road. The Duke of Wellington happened to be stationed among them. Colonel Cameron, seeing the French advance, asked permission to charge them. The Duke replied, "Have patience, and you will have plenty of work by and by." As they took possession of the farm-house, Cameron again asked leave to charge, which was again refused. At length, as they began to push on to the Charleroi road, the Duke exclaimed, "Now, Cameron, is your time—take care of that road." He instantly gave the spur to his horse; the regiment cleared the ditch at a bound, charged, and rapidly drove back the French; but while doing so, their leader was mortally wounded. A shot fired from the upper storey of the farm-house passed through his body, and his horse, pierced by several bullets, fell dead under him. His men raised a wild shout, rushed madly on the fated house, and, according to all accounts, inflicted dread vengeance on its doomed occupants.

Ewen Macmillan, who was ever near his master and his friend, speedily gave such aid as he could. Carrying him, with the aid of another private,

beyond reach of the firing, he procured a cart, whereon he laid him, carefully and tenderly propping his head on a breast than which none was more faithful. The life-blood, however, was ebbing fast, and on reaching the village of Waterloo, where so many other brave hearts were soon after to bleed, Macmillan carried Fassiefern into a deserted house by the road side, and stretched him on the floor. He anxiously inquired how the day had gone, and how his beloved Highlanders had acquitted themselves. Hearing that, as usual, they had been victorious, he said, "I die happy, and I trust my dear country will believe that I have served her faithfully." His dying hour was soothed by that music which he always loved, and which, while harsh and unmeaning to a stranger, is so intimately blended with a Highlander's deepest feelings, and most sacred memories, as to awaken his whole heart, to rouse up his whole being, and thus is highly esteemed in the hour of sorrow or of danger, in every great crisis of life. Better still, his dying hour was soothed, and we trust blessed, by earnest prayer. And worthy of remark it is that these dying supplications were uttered in that mountain tongue, the first which he had heard in youth, and now, as we have known in kindred instances, at the close of life, naturally offering itself as the vehicle of the deepest aspirations of the soul in the most solemn of all situations.

Thus he met with a warrior's death, and more, with a Highland warrior's death. His remains were hastily interred in a green alley—*Allée verte*—on the Ghent road, under the terrific storm of the 17th, which, as has often been remarked, seemed to presage the "dread confusion, noise, and garments rolled in blood," that render the 18th a day ever memorable in the annals of mankind. The funeral was attended, we need scarcely say, by the attached Macmillan, by Mr Gordon, already mentioned, and by a few soldiers, disabled by the wounds of Quatre Brâs from standing aside their comrades in the fight, but still able and most willing to pay this last tribute of respect and affection to their lamented leader.

His father and friends resolved that his remains should not be left in a

land of strangers, but should repose with those of his ancestors. Accordingly, in April of the following year, his youngest brother, accompanied by Macmillan, to identify the spot, opened the hastily-made grave of the *Allée verte*, and having secured the remains in a leaden coffin, brought them to Leith. His other brother, Sir Duncan, then in Edinburgh, applied for a King's ship to convey them to Lochaber. The request was readily granted; and after being kept for some days at Fassiefern, they were at length committed to their final resting-place in the churchyard of Kilmallie, within a ruinous aisle of the old church, where lies Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, "the Ulysses of the Highlands," as well as many other Chiefs of the Clan. John of Fassiefern is also buried there, and there subsequently Sir Ewen of Fassiefern and Lady Cameron were laid. Sir Ewen at this time resided at Arthurstone, and from age and infirmity was unable to travel to Lochaber. The duty of chief mourner thus fell to Sir Duncan, who led a funeral procession such as Lochaber shall witness no more. He was accompanied by Lochiel, by M'Neill of Barra, M'Donald of Glencoe, Campbell of Barcaldine, and very many other gentlemen of the district, besides the relatives of the family; but still more, he was followed by *three thousand Highlanders*, who, with feelings responsive to the wailing notes of the lament poured forth from many bagpipes, sincerely mourned for the early death of one whose brave deeds were worthy of his high ancestry, and shed additional lustre on their country.

We have said that such a scene shall be witnessed in Lochaber no more; for, supposing another Colonel Cameron to arise—and we rejoice to say that there are at the present time more than one Colonel Cameron from Lochaber ranking high in the military profession—yet neither the Chiefs, nor the men to grace any funeral thus, are now to be found in Lochaber. The men have passed away to other countries and climes, and the wild wail of the Highland Lament is more frequently to be heard amid the woods of Canada, and over the plains of Australia, than amid the glens and

mountains which of old so oft re-echoed its thrilling notes, and which undoubtedly formed the fitting abode of the *pibroch.**

Colonel Cameron was forty-four years of age when cut off. In person he was considerably above the middle height, and, as must be apparent from the toil and hardships through which he went, was remarkably active and athletic. Fortunately, his features have been preserved in a portrait taken of him during his last visit to his country, an engraving of which was published in 1815, by C. Turner, London, and a lithograph of which is prefixed to this Memoir. It is needless to say that these features are strikingly handsome, or that the countenance would at once lead us to expect a very superior mind. It indicates very clearly that quickness of glance, and that firmness of purpose which so eminently marked his whole character. An intuitive quickness of perception, with prompt decision, and unyielding resolution, joined to a heart full of the warmest feeling, and dwelling in a frame of rare symmetry and strength, made him what he was—a truly able leader of men.

Had he survived the glorious campaign of Waterloo, the dignity which he had claimed in the preceding year would, beyond question, have been freely accorded to him. In acknowledgment of his distinguished merits, a still higher one was conferred on his father, who was created Baronet of Fassiefern in the following year. He lived till 1828, when, full of years and of honours, he bequeathed the title and his estates to his second son, Sir Duncan, who, as we have already mentioned, still enjoys both. His remains were interred beside those of his son, in the ruinous aisle which we have formerly spoken of.

Of Ewen Macmillan, "so faithful and true," it is due to mention that, after the fall of his leader and foster-brother, no longer finding any attraction in the camp, he returned to his native land, having easily procured a discharge from the service, and for several years he occupied the farm of Carnas, on Sir Ewen's property. We regret to say that, by degrees, he

* Appendix, Note K.

became rather addicted to a "veteran's failing," and that, showing an ever-growing love for "fighting his battles o'er again," even to the "thrice routing of all his foes, and the thrice slaying of the slain," to the unfailing admiration of his boon companions, but to the neglect of his flocks and herds, he became gradually reduced in circumstances. He was not, however, neglected by the family to which he had shown such devotedness, a comfortable home was provided for him by Sir Duncan, near his own house of Callard; but he did not live long to enjoy the provision thus made for his old days. He died in 1840, and was buried in Kilmallie, Sir Duncan, now his Chief, as a matter of course heading the funeral procession.

The best summary which we have seen of Colonel Cameron's character, is given by the author of the "Romance of War," who had full opportunity of knowing him, and who says, "John Cameron was a true Highland gentleman, and in heart a hero."*

The Highland element pervaded his whole being, showing itself in his attachment to the language, the poetry, and the music of the mountains. Then the position of his family, and the atmosphere which surrounded him in his youth, evidently modified his whole conduct and bearing to his regiment, and to those around him. He felt himself born to command, and always exacted the most prompt and absolute obedience to his orders. He was, in truth, very strict, perhaps rigorous, in enforcing discipline. On the other hand, he undoubtedly took a deeper interest in, occupied a more intimate relation towards, his men, and manifested a more earnest desire for their welfare, a quicker jealousy for their honour, than perhaps have been shown by any officer since his day.

His constant and fatherly care of "the lads from the country"—his interest in the health, the pecuniary affairs, and especially the good conduct of "our own people," the number of them promoted by him, and especially his home feelings manifested at the open grave in Holland, were all Highland, and gave him a power over his Highlanders such as no

* Vol. IV., p. 176.

stranger could ever possibly wield. But he did not confine his regards to the men from Lochaber; his affection for the regiment at large is strikingly manifested in his letter from Woodbridge, where he says that he cannot leave them in their sickness and suffering; and in his account of the retreat of Burgos, where he says that his heart bleeds for those who fell down and perished. His very watchful care over them is evidenced by the remarkable fact, formerly noticed, that during the severe hardships endured in Estremadura (1811), not one man of the 92d was lost; and his few surviving companions well know, that on every occasion the full rights and privileges of the 92d were vindicated, whoever might oppose or suffer. It is told that on one occasion General Howard kept them for some time needlessly awaiting his inspection, when Colonel Cameron boldly sent to his tent to inform him that they had been for such a time ready. On all occasions he showed the same resolution to promote their comfort and their honour, and his uniform character gives full weight to the declaration contained in his letter to the Duke of Wellington, that the slight shown to the 92d was what prompted him to demand the badge of honour conferred on the commanders of several other regiments which had done less than the 92d had done. On this subject we quote from a letter sent to us by Mr Gordon, so often referred to, confirmed by a similar one from Captain Fyfe, likewise of the 92d:—"Colonel Cameron never allowed the rights or comforts of his men to be disregarded or lost sight of by any one; they considered him their best and never-failing friend, and reposed the most implicit and unbounded confidence in him as their commander." The best proof, however, of his being a true Chief over his men, of their devotedness to him, and entire confidence in him, is to be found in the deeds which they performed under his leadership. They rushed on the most formidable obstacles, as at Aroyo des Molinos, Arriverete, and other places signalised by their daring and resistless valour. They rallied their shattered ranks, and with undiminished confidence closed again in the strife, as at St Pierre. With calmness and "stern valour, which would have graced Thermopylae,"

they stood beside him at Maya, "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," while the bodies of their comrades were being piled around them, literally "like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore." And their conduct, after entering the town of Aire, says more for them and for him than even the most brilliant of these achievements. How often, on entering a city, after being heated by the conflict, did even British soldiers forget the restraints alike of divine and human obligations, give loose to the wildest passions, and perpetrate deeds which it is not good to name! Here, however, the soldiers under Colonel Cameron, after a severe fight with an enemy far superior in numbers, took possession of the town, restrained every evil desire, and called forth alike the wonder and the gratitude of the inhabitants, by showing a sacred regard to the rights of property and of persons. This unquestionably proves that he had a very uncommon mastery over his men.

That "he was in heart" and in deed "a hero," is amply proved by his whole career. Mere personal courage would be confidently expected of him by every one who knew the blood that flowed in his veins, for faint-heartedness was never a failing of the race of Lochiel. It is no poetical exaggeration of Campbell's, in his well-known lines to Lochiel, to attribute to that Chief the determination that he would

> "As victor exult, or in death be laid low,
> With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe."

For such was the resolution that from sire to son the race did act up to; and oft did the "Cameron men," in the words of the song, prove, by deeds which to others would appear impossible, "that whatever men dare they can do." But Colonel Cameron, beyond having "a spirit that knew no fear and shunned no danger," resolved, at the outset of his career, as we have seen from his own letter, that his conduct should not be unworthy of his father, or of the race from which he sprung; and with ardour which never cooled, with determination which never yielded, he laboured to raise his regiment to the highest pitch of disciplined valour—to make them

pre-eminent among their fellows—and to achieve glory for them and for his country. Nor was he unsuccessful; for, proud as Britain justly is of the many brave regiments which have extended, and still maintain her power and fame in the east and in the west, in the north and in the south —which make her name a tower of strength to the oppressed, and a terror to the oppressor throughout the world, there is no corps of her noble armies to which the Gordon Highlanders will yield in true valour. And ably as that distinguished regiment has always been led, it never earned more fame than when led by Colonel Cameron, with whom their proudest recollections will ever be associated.

There were most ample testimonies borne to this able man after his death, which abundantly prove that his character has not been over-estimated, but under-estimated in any expressions used by us; that his loss was felt as a loss to the nation; and that those most nearly connected with him in his military career regarded him alike with sincere affection, and admiring esteem.

First among these tributes to his memory we refer to the Duke of Wellington's despatch, written after the great struggle had been brought to a close, and when he could calmly survey the cost at which victory had been purchased. Addressing the Lords of the Treasury, from Orville, June 25, 1815, he says—"Your Lordships will see, in the enclosed lists, the names of some most valuable officers lost to His Majesty's service. Among them I cannot avoid to mention Colonel Cameron of the 92d Regiment, and Colonel Sir H. Ellis of the 23d Regiment, to whose conduct I have frequently called your Lordships' attention, and who at last fell, distinguishing themselves at the head of the brave troops which they commanded. Notwithstanding the glory of the occasion, *it is impossible not to lament such men, both on account of the public, and as friends.*"

To be thus specially mentioned and lamented by Wellington, amid the many brave and great men who fell at Waterloo, is in itself a monument of which the bravest might justly be proud.

The surviving officers of the 92d, while they and the regiment executed fearful vengeance on those who slew him, at the same time resolved to embody their affection and regard for their leader in an enduring form, and subscribed a liberal sum for the erection of a monument to his memory, leaving the site to be determined by his father. The correspondence, which is before us, was carried on by Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell for the regiment; by Mr Campbell, army agent, (afterwards of Lochnell,) for Sir Ewen. It is creditable alike to the good feeling of all parties concerned. We content ourselves, however, with quoting one letter from Colonel Mitchell to Sir Ewen, dated Hull, 12th May, 1816, in which he says,—

"The officers of the 92d, and I myself, feel much gratification at the situation you have fixed upon for the monument, as it is a public place, which will give people of all descriptions passing in that direction an opportunity of viewing the last melancholy tribute of regard that could be paid by his brother officers to a brave and gallant commander, as well as to a most sincere and lamented friend. For my own part, I beg to disclaim any merit in the case, for I was only giving my humble assistance to perpetuate the memory of one of the sincerest friends I ever had. I am proud to say that, during an acquaintance of twenty-two years—passed chiefly in severe and trying service—our mutual friendship subsisted, without intermission, to the last period of his valuable life; and it will be pleasant for you to know that, in paying this last tribute to his memory, there was not a dissenting voice in the regiment.

"Most faithfully and sincerely yours,

"JAMES MITCHELL."

The obelisk which we have referred to at the commencement of our task, was soon after raised. The expense, which, we believe, amounted to £1400, was borne by Sir Ewen. How this was arranged we know not;

but we know that it was with a perfectly good understanding between him and the officers of the 92d.

Colonel Cameron's name is commemorated by another monument, also well worthy of mention. His early commander, the Marquis of Huntly —by this time Duke of Gordon—who, with every member of the family, had uniformly shown the deepest interest in him and in the regiment, raised, at the ducal residence of Kinrara, a column in honour of his brave companions who had fallen in the service of their country. Two names are selected from among these worthies—Colonel Cameron's, and Sir J. Macara's, who fell at Waterloo, of whom it is enough to say that he was well worthy of the companionship in which he is placed.

There were many besides, who, if they did not thus literally add a stone to Cameron's cairn, yet expressed their sincere regret for his loss in terms deserving of mention. Amid all the letters submitted to our inspection for the drawing up of this Sketch, the most affecting by far is a parcel carefully set apart, and bearing the following docquet in Sir Ewen's hand, tremulous from age, and, we doubt not, from deep emotion:— "Letters of condolence on the death of my ever-to-be-lamented son, Colonel John Cameron, 92d Regiment, from Friends.—E. C." Among these there are several from his Chief, Lochiel, written in frank, sincere affection, and containing offers of going to Belgium to bring his friend's remains to his native land. There is one from the Duke of Buccleuch, as President of the Highland Society of Scotland, enclosing extract of a resolution adopted at a general meeting of the Society, wherein they express the high sense they entertained of Colonel Cameron's distinguished merits, and offer their sympathy to his father. There are some from Clanranald, Charles Grant, M.P., and many other Highland gentlemen, all expressive of the pride felt in the heroic career, and sorrow at the early death of their countryman; and there is one from Lord Niddry (Lord Hopetoun), which is well deserving of being transcribed. It is as follows:—

"RANKEILLOUR, BY AUCHTERMUCHTY,
6th July, 1815.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Ever since the melancholy occurrence which deprived the 92d Regiment of its gallant commander, I have felt a strong inclination to address a few lines to you. I have, however, hitherto been withheld from so doing by an apprehension that I might thereby prematurely intrude upon the grief which you, and his family, must feel on the occasion. I trust, however, that I may now, without impropriety, assure you that no one can more sincerely participate in these feelings than I do.

"It can be no consolation, I am aware, to a father, to set before him the glorious circumstances in which his son has fallen, or to paint the feelings of mingled admiration and regret experienced by his fellow-soldiers at his loss. But if any such reflections can alleviate the grief of relatives, Colonel Cameron's family have an abundant store; for no man ever fell under circumstances more glorious, or more memorable; nor is it possible that any man can be more lamented than he is, not only by the gallant corps which he so often led to victory and honour, but by the whole army and the country at large.

"I will not dwell longer upon so painful a subject; but, with sincere good wishes for you and Mrs Cameron, beg to subscribe myself

"Your faithful, humble Servant,

"NIDDRY."

The historians of the period, crowded as that period was with great events and with great men, make frequent mention of Colonel Cameron's distinguished abilities and bravery. We have made so many quotations from Sir William Napier that his opinion is sufficiently apparent; Sir Archibald Alison, in his History of Europe, again and again speaks of his gallantry at the head of the noble Gordon Highlanders. We content ourselves, however, with one quotation from another work written immediately after the close of the great struggle, when its every event was fresh and vivid in the public mind—"The History of the Wars"—a quotation which, while slightly differing in words, agrees in substance with the account we

have given above of Cameron's fall. The author, page 1396, after speaking of the position of the 92d at Quatre Brâs, "in the centre of which band of heroes the Commander-in-Chief was stationed," and of the repulse of the French Cuirassiers, says: "This heroic regiment, led on by Colonel Cameron, performed prodigies of valour. It repeatedly repulsed the enemy's columns in their most furious attacks, and with great slaughter. In this manner the combat continued for many hours without a prospect of its termination. Through the columns of smoke the enemy was soon seen advancing with all his forces for another struggle. As they came near, the fire of the artillery slackened, and the bloody struggle began. The moment was pressing. The Duke, who stood with the 92d, turned to them and said: '92d, you must charge these fellows.' The order was cheerfully obeyed. They rushed against the French battalions with an ardour which nothing could resist. At this moment Colonel Cameron, and three other officers of rank, fell mortally wounded. In the former his country sustained a severe loss. He was indeed a brave man. His death roused the spirit of the Highlanders to fury. They pressed the enemy with such infuriated rage that their last columns fled before this daring band, leaving the field covered with dead, dying, and wounded."

We must refer to a tribute from another and very different source, but interesting from the nature of that source. This was the very last of the Highland Family Bards, *Ailean Dall*, or "Blind Allan," who was retained by the Chief of Glengarry—*the* Glengarry—as he will always be termed. He was assuredly far, very far from being "equalled in renown" with—

> "Those other two equall'd with him in fate—
> . . . . . .
> Blind Thamyris, and blind Maeonides;"

but he did "equal" them in devotedness to the Muse, and may not inaptly be compared to—

> "The wakeful bird
> That sings darkling, and in the shadiest covert hid,
> Tunes her nocturnal note."

He was truly a "son of song," and, as might be expected, he tuned his harp to the praise of one who, while so generally lamented, was above all lamented in Lochaber. He composed an elegy in which there is much true feeling displayed. With pride, which in him was natural, he celebrates the distinguished ancestry and the gallant deeds of his hero; but he particularly dwells on what was so strikingly characteristic of Colonel Cameron, his watchful guardianship, his constant care of his men. As the "shepherd of the flock" he is specially praised and lamented; an image which, as before remarked, was a favourite one of the older bards in depicting a Chief.*

It was appropriate that the death of one who may not unjustly be called the last of the Highland military Chiefs, who certainly closes an era —the transition period from the ancient to the modern—in the history of the Highlands, should be sung by the *last of the Highland Family Bards;* but a Muse of far higher flight than Blind Allan's has celebrated the praises of Colonel Cameron. Sir Walter Scott, whose mind sympathised so thoroughly with all that was chivalrous or lofty, was deeply impressed with his character. He made repeated mention of him in his writings. He composed his epitaph,† and further wrote the following highly characteristic verses on his fall.

* Appendix, Note L.

† "Sacred to the Memory of Colonel JOHN CAMERON, eldest son of Ewen Cameron of Fassiefern, Bart., whose mortal remains, transported from the field of glory where he died, rest here with those of his forefathers. During twenty years of active military service, with a spirit which knew no fear and shunned no danger, he accompanied, or led, in marches, sieges, and battles, the 92d Regiment of Scottish Highlanders, always to honour, and almost always to victory; and at length, in the forty-second year of his age, upon the memorable 16th of June, 1815, was slain in command of that corps, while actively contributing to achieve the decisive victory of Waterloo, which gave peace to Europe. Thus closing his military career with the long and eventful struggle, in which his services had been so often distinguished, he *died,* lamented by that unrivalled General, to whose long train of success he had so often contributed; by his country, from which he had repeatedly received marks of the highest consideration; and by his Sovereign, who graced his surviving family with those marks of honour which could not follow, to this place, him whom they were designed to commemorate. *Reader, call not his fate untimely, who, thus honoured and lamented, closed a life of fame by a death of glory!*"

With these we close the record of a man, who, however imperfectly portrayed by us, will be admitted by all who take knowledge of his deeds to be deserving of remembrance. He will be remembered in the military annals of his country as long as "the spirit that knows no fear, and shuns no danger," is held in honour. He will be, more especially, remembered and honoured in the Highlands as long as the Highlands continue to be, as they have been, "the land of mountains, of glens, and of heroes."

"And Cameron in the shock of steel,
Died like the offspring of Lochiel."—*Scott's Field of Waterloo.*

"Apart from Albyn's war array,
'Twas there grey Allan sleepless lay—
Grey Allan, who for many a day
Had followed stout and stern,
Where through battle, rout, and reel,
Through storm of shot, and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
The valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore;
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunard rough and wild Ardgour,
And Morven long shall tell;
And proud Ben-Nevis hear with awe,
How at the bloody Quatre Brâs,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurrah
Of conquest, as he fell."—*Scott's "Dance of Death."*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—Page 1.

CHURCHYARD OF KILMALLIE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his notes to Canto III. of the "Lady of the Lake," gives, from the Laird of MacFarlane's MS. a very curious account of the builder of the first church at Kilmallie; "*Gille dubh Mac'Ille Chnàmblaich,*" or "the Black Child, Son of the Bones;" for such, unpronounceable as it appears, is the true designation; and though the story may be familiar to many, we give the substance of it here as connected with the locality.

Sir Walter says that the account given in the MS. of this man with the ominous name, suggested to him the idea of Brian, "that monk of savage form and face," who plays such an important part in unveiling the future destiny of the Clan Alpine. The poet, however, is much more indebted to his imagination than to the MS. for the filling up of the sketch; and it is worth mentioning, that the tradition still preserved in the country agrees exactly with the account given by the old Laird, representing the "Gille dubh" as an able and devout man, totally different from the savage seer depicted in the poem.

The reason of his obtaining such an uncommon surname was as follows: It chanced on a night long ago, that the young people of Corpach, and of Annat—two neighbouring farms—were, as customary, watching the cattle in the fold. The place was a small hill a little to the west of the present church, close to the public road, and conspicuous from a clump of Scotch fir covering its summit. It shows some faint traces of having been fortified as a stronghold, and its name, *Cnoc-na-faobh,* or "the Hill of Spoils," tells of its having been the scene of strife and of bloodshed. At the period in question it was strewn with the bones of the slain, left there to bleach under summer's sun and winter's snow, which proves that the conflict was between parties animated by the deadliest hate towards each other; for rarely, indeed, was such dishonour shown to the dead in the Highlands.

The young watchers of the fold, finding the night cold, kindled a fire, which, in the absence of other fuel, they nourished with the bones strewn around. They returned to their homes toward morning without the conduct of any of the party exciting remark; but a girl, who had remained by the fire a little after the departure of her companions, was in due time obliged to lay aside her "maiden snood," without assuming the matronly veil or coif.

"She said no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied."

The only cause she assigned for her being in such a condition was, that when sitting alone by the fire, and taking up her clothes to benefit by the warmth, a sudden gust of wind blew the ashes of the dead men's bones about her.

"She lock'd her secret in her breast,
And died in travail unconfess'd."

Her son survived, and from the above probable story of his paternity given by his mother, was known as "the Son of the Bones." According to the MS. he proved "a good schollar, and godlie. He did builde this church which doeth nowe stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalee," and, as we have said above, this account of him is still preserved in the traditions of the place.

The traditionary account of the origin of the second church built at Kilmallie is also worthy of notice, and, as far as we know, has never been committed to writing. "Ailean nan Creach," or *Allan of the Forays*, one of the Lochiels belonging to the fifteenth century, did much to extend the bounds of the family estates, and of the Cameron influence—often, like a much greater man, giving only the choice "of the sword or the tribute" to several of his weaker neighbours. As he advanced in years, however, the memory of many of these deeds of his younger days pressed heavily upon him. He tried to compensate for the evil done by the set-off of many acts of charity on the one hand, and self-infliction on the other. Still his "conscience made a coward of him." Remorse for the past, and dread of the future, rendered him miserable—until at length, with fearlessness characteristic of his younger days, he resolved to unveil the future by extorting answers from the spirits of evil; and he had recourse to the oracle of the "*Tigh ghairm*," or "House of Invocation."

The mode of procedure in this intercourse with the world of spirits was as follows: The questioner, with his own hands, built a house or hut in some solitary place; and the spot chosen by "Ailean nan Creach," must, at the period in question, have been sufficiently solitary and savage—the centre of the Corpach Moss. That moss is still drear and cheerless, though it is now skirted on one side by the Caledonian Canal, intersected in another direction by a highway, along which carriages, and even omnibuses, ply almost daily throughout the summer season, and its borders fringed all round by habitations of men, and by signs of cultivation. Then, neither canal, nor road, nor house, nor green field, was to be seen—all was bleak, and desolate, and gloomy. Here, however, the Chief of Lochiel reared the fabric in which he was to meet the spirits of the deep. He, in due form, kindled a blazing fire, in the middle of which was fixed a sharp iron spit, or spike. On this spit he *impaled a living cat, and turned it round and round* over the flames. Its cries of distress speedily brought many others of its kindred to the rescue. The rafters of the house soon became covered with cats of every hue and size, all gifted with the power of speech, and all using that power in denouncing every possible vengeance here and hereafter on the tormentor of their companion. If he had nerve enough, despite of all this, to continue at his task, to turn the spit still, "the King of the Cats" came to the combat, distinguished from his subjects by surpassing size, and more especially by ears of portentous magnitude, giving him the name of *Cluasa-leabhra*. Dire as the threats had been previous to his arrival, they were insignificant compared with what he uttered, which in horror surpassed "all that fables yet have feigned or fears conceived." And now came "the tug of war"—this was the crisis, the moment of fate. If the questioner quailed in the least degree—if his heart misgave, or his nerve quivered—his doom was

sealed. His body was instantly torn to a thousand shreds by the demons enraged at the presumption of a mortal thus daring their power, and his spirit was carried off as their prey. The command, however, was—

> "Hear you this, or see you that,
> Round the spit and turn the cat."

"Ciod air bith a chi, no' chual thu cuir mu 'n cuairt an cat," (a phrase still in common proverbial use by those who have forgotten all about its origin), and he who was able to do so—to give utter defiance to the spirits of darkness—obtained the mastery over them, so that they became his suppliants for the release of their companion, and offered to answer any question which their opponent would propose.

Lochiel did master them, and the question he is said to have asked, was the great and all-solemn one so often prompted by an accusing conscience, though unfortunately so rarely allowed a fair hearing, "What must I do to be saved?" How was he to obtain forgiveness for his many deeds of rapine and bloodshed, and reach to peace and to hope? The answer given, though not an enlightened one according to the light of the Gospel, was more likely to proceed from spirits of light than of darkness. He was commanded to build seven churches throughout the country, a church for each of his great forays, and thus to expiate his sins. One of these was built at Kilmallie, the ruins of which are still to be seen. It replaced that built by the "Son of the Bones." Another was at Kilcoireal (St Cyril's), and a third at Kildonan, both in the neighbouring parish of Killmonivaig. A fourth was at Kilchoan in Knoydart, a fifth in Arasaig, a sixth in Morven, and the seventh at the end of Loch Laggan in Badenoch.

Allan returned home from the dread encounter with a high consciousness of power, and more still, with a definite and a good object before him. It is said that he became not a "sadder," but a "happier and a wiser man"—that he found church building a far better occupation than plundering and slaughtering his neighbours, and ended his days in peace and hope.

We have given this wild tradition as repeated to us by old men still living in the parish. We have been unable to obtain any fuller account of the frightful ordeal of the *Tigh ghairm;* but what we have said will remind the reader of the superstitions of other nations, among whom, as among the Celts, the prince of the demons is spoken of as "King of the Cats;" more especially will it remind him of the Eastern scene so strikingly delineated by Byron in the powerfully-written drama of Manfred—thought by many to be the ablest of his works. Manfred, addressing Ahriman, the prince of darkness and of evil—according to the Persian belief—daring him and his whole crew in these words, "I do defy, deny, spurn back, and scorn ye,"—this, and the Highland Chief giving utter defiance to the king of demons under another form, present to us the one and the same idea, though under widely different aspects. We doubt not that that idea, however overlaid and disfigured in process of time by ignorance and superstition, was originally the great and the true one—that an energetic, unyielding human will can triumph over evil in every shape and form—nay, can make it even subservient to its own purposes.

We think the following account of a very remarkable ash-tree which at one time grew in the Churchyard of Kilmallie, will be found interesting. We quote from the very learned and well-known work of Loudon, "The Arboretum and Fruticetum," page 1226:—"An ash-tree in the Churchyard of Kilmallie in Lochaber, the Parish Church of the Lochiel family, burnt down during the troubles in 1746, was long con-

sidered as the largest and most remarkable tree in Scotland. Its remains were measured in October, 1764, and at the ground the circumference was no less than *fifty-eight* feet, (Walker's Essays, p. 17.) This tree stood on a deep rich soil, only about thirty feet above the level of the sea, in Lochiel, with a small rivulet running within a few paces of it.—(Sang.)"

NOTES B and C.—Pages 4, 5.

MACAULAY'S ESTIMATE OF THE HIGHLANDS—BURT'S LETTERS.

THE opinion entertained of the Highlanders by the English, about a century and a half ago, is given by Baron Macaulay in the third volume of his most eloquent history, page 244: "When the English thought of him (the Highlander) at all—and it was seldom that they did so—they considered him as a filthy, abject savage, a slave, a papist, a cut-throat, and a thief." We need not refer to other caricatures.

The great historian's own estimate of the race from which he is himself, not remotely, sprung is too well known to need quotation here. It is very fortunate, however, that he tells us so plainly the source whence he derived the statements on which that estimate is based; for even as water cannot rise higher than its source, however decorated the aqueducts may be, so the value of these statements must remain at their original level —they must be judged as they are found in the flat, prosaic sentences of Lieutenant Burt, not as they appear in the glowing periods of Macaulay's fascinating style.

After completing the picture of horrors to be encountered in visiting the Highlands, the historian says in a foot-note, Vol. III., page 242, "Almost all these circumstances are taken from *Burt's Letters.* For the *Tar* I am indebted to Cleland's poetry." It is with Burt, then, that we have principally to deal, and we must say a few words regarding his reliableness as a witness. Lord Macaulay says that "he was evidently a man of a quick, an observant, and a cultivated mind." We beg to subjoin a few quotations from his own writings, which afford good ground for dissenting from this favourable opinion of him.

In Letter XV. (Vol. II., page 6, 10th edition, 1815), speaking of the Highland mountains, he says: "The summits of the highest are mostly destitute of earth, and the huge naked rocks being just above the heath, produce the disagreeable appearance of a *scabbed head,* especially when they appear to view in a conical figure. . . . Their ridges that appear next to the ether, by their rugged, irregular lines, the heath, and the black rocks, are rendered extremely harsh to the eye by appearing close to that diaphanous body without any medium to soften the opposition, and the clearer the day the more rude and offensive they are to the sight. . . . But of all the views I think *the most horrid* is to look at the hills from east to west, or *vice versa;* for then the eye penetrates far among them, and sees more particularly the stupendous bulk, frightful irregularity, and horrid gloom, made yet more sombrous by the *shades* and *faint reflections* they communicate one to another."

Macaulay, in excuse of this very remarkable taste regarding scenery which commands the admiration of ninety-nine out of a hundred as unrivalled in its combination of the majestic and the beautiful, says, that "a traveller must be freed from all apprehension of being murdered or starved before he can be charmed by the bold outlines and

rich tints of the hills." Without quoting an authority equal even to Macaulay's, as to the philosophy expressed in this opinion—"Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful"—we would observe that the remark is in no sense applicable to Burt's circumstances. He had his soldiers to back him—he had the stores of a well-supplied commissariat to draw from whenever he chose—nor do we remember that he complains of any attempt being ever made to murder him. A traveller, visiting the Highlands in friendship, was at that day, even as at the present day, far safer from any attack on life or property than he was on Hounslow Heath, or Finchley Common—nay, than he was in many of the streets of London. But apart from all special, or modifying circumstances, we must maintain that the mind to which the towering peaks and ever-varying outlines of the Highland mountains suggested the loathsome idea of a *scabbed head,* was perverse and distempered. We doubt not that that mind viewed society through a medium as distorting as that in which it viewed external scenery.

We might bring forward many quotations evincing ignorance and credulity as to natural phenomena which appear simple and obvious enough to any ordinarily "cultivated mind." We content ourselves, however, with the two following: In Letter XVII. page 69, he says, "The immediate source of the rivers and lakes in the mountains is the *clouds,* and not *as our rivers,* which have their original from subterraneous aqueducts that rise in springs below." Again, page 72, speaking of the manner in which trout got into some of the mountain lakes, he says quite gravely, "Some will have them to have sprung from the fry carried from other waters, and dropt in these small lakes by *waterfowl.*" These statements require no comment.

His account of the retinue of a Highland Chief, among whom was one "who carries him when on foot over the fords," (page 143,) is simply absurd, showing utter ignorance of the state of society which he professes to depict. When personal valour and hardihood were the first requisites in a Chief, such a "carpet knight" as would be afraid to wet his foot in a ford, would very speedily be obliged to content himself with the distaff. All this is in singular contrast to the story—undoubtedly true in spirit—which represents old Sir Ewen of Lochiel as indignantly rebuking the effeminacy of his grandson for resting his head on a pillow—even of snow.

We do not care to charge Mr Burt with any conscious falsehood in the statements he makes, but the following paragraph leads us to see one main cause alike of his ignorance and of his prejudice.

In Letter XXII. page 185, after saying that the gasconade of the Highlanders about hospitality was most extraordinary, he goes on: "One particular instance was most inhospitable. Being benighted soon after it was dark, I made up to the house of one to whom I was well known, and though I had five or six miles to travel over a dangerous rugged way, wherein there was no other shelter to be expected, yet, upon the trampling of my horses before the house, the lights went out in the twinkling of an eye, and deafness at once seized the whole family."

We believe, if there be any quality for which friend and foe alike generally praised the ancient Highlanders, it was their hospitality. They fully felt and acknowledged that—

> "Stranger is a holy name,
> Guidance, and rest, and food, and fire,
> In vain he never must require."

Why was Mr Burt, then, treated so very inhospitably? The cause is most obvious.

He was engaged in a work avowedly hostile, and thereby most hateful to the Highlanders. He was one of the officers employed under General Wade in constructing the military roads, which were expressly intended to open up to English troops those mountain fastnesses that had been previously inaccessible to the stranger. He was employed in this work from 1726—shortly after the unsuccessful rise of the '15, which left so many rankling memories behind it—to 1737—a few years before the rising of the '45, which, as it approached, stirred up to the very depths the feelings of every adherent of the Stuart cause. A "Hanoverian officer" engaged in such a work, and at such a period, was necessarily detested by the great majority of the people among whom he sojourned, and he naturally and necessarily detested them, knowing them to be the enemies of the Government which he served. Thus he viewed every object through a deeply-coloured medium; and if we add to this the natural prejudices of an Englishman, a mind narrow, pedantic, and credulous, with utter ignorance of the language or history of the mountain tribes, we shall provide all the essential elements for misunderstanding and misrepresenting the Highland character. In short, it is difficult to imagine a person placed in circumstances which more completely excluded the possibility of a fair or impartial account, than those in which Mr Burt was placed.

If this were remembered, his delineations would not be regarded as very authentic; and when we consider how, down to the present day, various foreign writers, even French and American, influenced by national prejudice, misrepresent and caricature Britain, yet are universally laughed at by Britons as caricaturists, we will see it to be reasonable that a Highlander should regard Burt's caricatures as deserving of ridicule, and ridicule only.

One other very obvious remark we must make on his statements as grouped together and embellished by Macaulay. Granting that some instances might be found in the Highlands to verify the darkest and strongest of them, as to the poverty, filth, thievishness, or ferocity of the inhabitants, surely it is not fair or reasonable to hold up these as correct representations of the deeds or character of the people at large. At this very day there is to be found in Glasgow or in Edinburgh, in Liverpool or in London, a greater amount of poverty and filth, of ignorance and disease, more especially of crime—crime utterly revolting in nature—than could be found in the Highlands in the days of Burt. Yet he would require a "forehead of brass" who would declare the vile dens of infamy, where all these exist, to be fair specimens of the homes of England—who would say that a stranger was to form his judgment of the great British community of the nineteenth century from such instances as these. But this is what, most unreasonably and unjustly, is done in estimating the Highlands.

Undoubtedly there were men in the Highlands, thievish, and fierce, and bad in every way, deserving the worst that Macaulay or Burt says of them. These, however, were not the community, were not the people. They were *pariahs*, "broken men," who had lost caste in their own clan, and were not received into another. The true *staple* and strength of the people are entirely overlooked by both the above writers. These were the *Tacksmen* and the Tenantry. The former were gentlemen in the best sense of the term, men of education and of spirit, influenced by as high a sense of honour as animated any men. The remnant of them furnished hundreds of brave and accomplished officers to our armies during the American and Continental wars. A few of their descendants are still to be met with in the Highlands; and we venture to say, that men of higher or better character are not to be met with in Britain.

The Tenantry, again, held smaller farms from these, or directly from the Chief, and formed a class corresponding in many respects to the ancient "Yeomanry" of England. They were generally known as the *Ceathairne*, the strength, the *militia*, properly so called, of the clan. They were far removed from the poverty so frequently ascribed to them, and having a name and position to maintain, were as careful to avoid any deed of infamy as were any of their superiors.

Instead, however, of endeavouring to combat Lieutenant Burt's misrepresentations by any statements of our own, we refer them to a standard which even the greatest enemy of the Highlands will admit to be fair and unexceptionable, that is Dr Samuel Johnson's opinion, expressed in his "Tour to the Hebrides." The great English scholar visited the country in 1773. Burt's Letters were completed in 1737. Thirty-six years only elapsed between the drawing up of the two accounts. During this period great changes had been made in the laws which affected the Highlands; but society, habits, and manners, continued very much what they had been. Dr Johnson conversed with men who had taken a part in the rebellion of '45, the very men with whom Burt had conversed. We need not remark on the Doctor's prejudices against Scotland generally, which were especially concentrated on the land of Ossian. These are abundantly evident. But let us compare the general view which he gives of society in the Highlands with that given by Burt, and we must in all candour admit that the two are not only dissimilar, but diametrically opposed. One or other of them exaggerates widely, misrepresents thoroughly. The two cannot for a moment be said to be correct. And we believe that few persons will hesitate to give the preference to the great moralist's, even despite Macaulay's endorsation of Burt's. We wish no better answer to these oft-quoted Letters than Johnson's well-known and most unjustly abused "Tour."

We will not trouble the reader with lengthened quotation from a book which is so universally known throughout Scotland; nor will we refer to Dr Johnson's accounts of his reception at Armidale, Raasay, Dunvegan, Inch-Kenneth, or Inveraray Castle; for these were the abodes of Chiefs where, according even to Macaulay, some signs of civilisation were visible, but we refer briefly to the letter which the Doctor wrote to MacLeod from Ostig, after he had traversed all Skye, and passed nights at Ulinish, Tallisker, Corichatachain, and Ostaig—all abodes of *Tacksmen*, or gentlemen farmers, all places where, according to Macaulay, squalid poverty, filth, and vermin were to be encountered—where the inhabitants ought to have been covered with itch, and smeared with tar.

"OSTIG, 28*th Sept.*, 1773.

"DEAR SIR,

"We are now on the margin of the sea waiting for a boat and a wind. Boswell grows impatient, but the kind treatment which I find everywhere I go, makes me leave with some heaviness of heart an island which I am not very likely to see again. . . . . We passed two days at Tallisker very happily, both by the pleasantness of the place, and the elegance of our reception.

"SAM. JOHNSON."*

We have now done with Lieutenant Burt; we must, however, say one word as to Cleland and the *Tar*. Every one, in the least degree acquainted with the Highlands,

* "Boswell's Life of Johnson." Edit. 1835, p. 298.

knows full well that for nearly *a hundred years* after the death of Cleland, which took place in 1689, there were no flocks of sheep kept in the Highlands. Their introduction is quite a recent event. There were a few sheep of the small Hebridean breed kept by every family; but these never ranged the mountains, were always housed at night, and certainly were never *smeared with tar*. We will, however, give authority on this subject. Dr Walker, Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, was appointed by Government to survey the Highlands and Islands, and to report on their agricultural capabilities in 1760. He completed his task in 1786, and subsequently published his "Economical History," etc., in two volumes. In Vol. II., page 92, under the article "Smearing," he says, "This practice . . . was never known in the Highlands till of late years, that is, since the introduction of the south country sheep;" and at page 67 he mentions that it was about the year 1762 that some sheep farmers in Annandale, and other places in the South, took leases of farms in the Highland parts of Dumbartonshire and Perthshire, bordering on the low country, and stocked them with sheep. Until that period, smearing was altogether unknown in the Highlands, and forty years later it was by no means common.

We have been thus minute about an apparently trifling matter, because we consider it of consequence to establish clearly that, at least in one particular, Lord Macaulay has taken his statement entirely on credit, without inquiring into its probability or improbability. His assertion about "the smearing with tar," Vol. III., page 242, and his singular mistake regarding the patronymic of the Argyle family, are not creditable to his accuracy in Highland matters. In styling Argyle Macallum, he has not only deprived him of his own name, but has given him one of the most obscure and least honoured names in the whole country, of which he was the head. *Mac Cailein*, "the Son of Colin," as even the most ignorant Highlander can tell, has been for many generations the Celtic designation of Argyle.

Note D.—Page 8.

MACIAIN PROTECTING THE HOUSE OF LORD STAIR IN 1745.

We give the following quotation from Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," who, after describing the massacre of Glencoe, and saying that the King, availing himself of the option left him by the Scottish Parliament, did not order home for trial any of the actors in that detestable butchery; and that none of them was punished for the crime "otherwise than by the general hatred of the age, and the universal execration of posterity," thus goes on, (Vol. II., p. 140, edition 1850,) "Although it is here a little misplaced, I cannot refrain from telling you an anecdote connected with the preceding events, which befel so late as the year 1745–6, during the romantic attempt of Charles Edward, grandson of James II., to regain the throne of his fathers. He marched through the Lowlands, at the head of an army composed of the Highland Clans, and obtained, for a time, considerable advantages. Amongst other Highlanders, the descendant of the murdered MacIain of Glencoe joined his standard with a hundred and fifty men. The route of the Highland army brought them near to a beautiful seat built by the Earl of Stair, so often mentioned in the preceding narrative, and the principal mansion

of his family. An alarm arose in the councils of Prince Charles lest the MacDonalds of Glencoe should seize this opportunity of marking their recollection of the injustice done to their ancestors, by burning or plundering the house of the descendant of their persecutor; and as such an act of violence might have done the prince great prejudice in the eyes of the people of the Lowlands, it was agreed that a guard should be posted to protect the house of Lord Stair.

"MacDonald of Glencoe heard of the resolution, and deemed his honour and that of the clan concerned. He demanded an audience of Charles Edward, and admitting the propriety of placing a guard on a house so obnoxious to the feelings of the Highland army, and to those of his own Clan in particular, he demanded, as a matter of right rather than favour, that the protecting guard should be supplied by the MacDonalds of Glencoe. If this request were not granted, he announced his purpose to return home with his people, and prosecute the enterprise no further. 'The MacDonalds of Glencoe,' he said, 'would be dishonoured by remaining in a service where others than their own men were employed to restrain them, under whatsoever circumstances of provocation, within the line of their military duty.' The Royal Adventurer granted the request of the high-spirited Chieftain, and the MacDonalds of Glencoe guarded from the slightest injury the house of the cruel and crafty statesman who had devised and directed the massacre of their ancestors. Considering how natural the thirst of vengeance becomes to men in a primitive state of society, and how closely it was interwoven with the character of the Scottish Highlander, Glencoe's conduct on this occasion is a noble instance of a high and heroic preference of duty to the gratification of revenge."

We are here naturally reminded of the picture given by Sir Walter, in the "Lady of the Lake," of another Highland Chief—

> "This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
> This head of a rebellious Clan,
> Hath led thee safe through watch and ward
> Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard."

And often, indeed, in the history of the Highlands,

> "Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
> Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War."

Many are the instances of a high chivalric sense of honour and generosity to be met with in the days of the Clans.

Note E.—Page 15.

DR. ARCHIBALD CAMERON.

Among the Fassiefern papers is one bearing the following title: "Copy of what Dr Archibald Cameron intended to have delivered to the Sheriff of Middlesex at the place of execution, but which he left in the hands of his wife for that end; with a letter from Dr Cameron, when under sentence of death, to his son in France—to which is added an authentick account of his behaviour at the place of execution. London: printed in the year 1753."

In this paper, which is very brief, Dr Cameron complains of being condemned on

the old attainder passed against him in 1746. He does not, however, make any offer of allegiance to the reigning monarch, but glories in his devotedness to the House of Stuart. The pleas which he brings forward for his life being spared, are principally his having often spared the lives and property of his enemies when in his power. He specially mentions that he and his brother, Lochiel, were the means of preventing the Prince's army, at their first gathering, from ravaging the lands of the Earl of Breadalbane, a name obnoxious to many of the Clans on account of its connection with the massacre of Glencoe. He says that with great difficulty he prevented his brother's men from sacking the town of Kirkintilloch—the people of that town "having two months before murdered two of Lady Lochiel's servants;" and he especially mentions that he and Lochiel were the means of saving Glasgow from general plunder, as Mr Campbell of Shawfield, and the principal gentry in the neighbourhood, could testify. This last fact we have frequently seen mentioned elsewhere; and not only is it quite in accordance with the enlightened and humane character of "the gentle Lochiel," but the family seems to have been connected with, and interested in Glasgow particularly. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, one of them, John Cameron, was Bishop of Glasgow, a man whom Buchanan, in his History of Scotland, denounces as tyrannical and utterly unprincipled, but who is represented by the author of Sir Ewen Cameron's Life as singularly able and excellent. Again, John Cameron of Fassiefern, of whom we have so frequently spoken in the text, was a citizen of Glasgow. His Burgess Ticket, dated July, 1735, is before us, and differs less than might be expected from those granted in the present day. It appears that Sir Ewen of Lochiel obtained, or purchased, property in the West Indies. How it was managed by him, or by his son, we know not, but we see from other documents, that, in singular contrast to the contempt for commerce attributed to the Highland gentry of the day, two of his grandsons, Evan and Alexander, went to the West Indies to manage this property. Evan took with him, in 1734, a *cargo of people* from Maryburgh, as Fort-William was then called, to carry to the West Indies, "and it was believed in the country that he had made rich in Jamaica." It must have been in connection with these—his two brothers—that John of Fassiefern sought and obtained the privileges of citizenship in Glasgow, a place which was and is deeply interested in the West India trade.

We subjoin the following brief quotations from the paper before us, as referring to points which will always continue interesting: "I cannot pass by in silence that most unjust and horrid calumny—of giving no quarter to our enemy—raised by the rebels under the inhuman son of the Elector of Hanover, which served as an excuse for the unparalleled butchery committed by his orders in cold blood after the unhappy affair of Culloden; which, if true, must have come to my knowledge, who had the honour to serve my dear master in the quality of one of his aides-de-camp. And I hereby declare I never heard such order. The above is truth. ARCHD. CAMERON.

"I likewise declare, on the word of a dying man, that the last time I had the honour to see his Royal Highness, Charles Prince of Wales, he told me from his own mouth, and bade me assure his friends from him, that he was a member of the Church of England."

With what amount of sincerity the Prince made the above declaration we know not; but we give one quotation more, as illustrating the remarkable power of winning affection and regard which it is well known he possessed in so eminent a degree: "As soon as the royall youth had set up the King, his ffather's standard, I immediately, as in duty bound, repaired to it, and as I had the honour from that time to be almost

constantly about his person till November, 1748, (excepting the short time after the affair of Culloden, that his Royal Highness was in the Western Isles,) I became more and more captivated with his amiable and princely virtues, which are indeed in every instance so eminently great as I want words to describe. I can farther affirm (and my present situation, and that of my dear Prince, too, can leave no room for flattery) that as I have been his companion in the lowest degree of adversity that ever prince was reduced to, so I have beheld him, too, as it were, on the highest pinnacle of glory, amidst the continual applauses, and I had almost said the adorations, of the most brilliant court in Europe; yet he was always the same, ever affable and courteous, giving constant proofs of his great humanity and love for his friends and his country. What great good to these nations might not be expected from such a prince were he in possession of the throne of his ancestors! . . . I the more chearfully resign my life, as it is taken away for doing my duty to my God, my King, and my country; nor is there anything in this world I could so much wish to have it prolonged for as to have another opportuuity of employing the remainder of it in the same glorious cause."

It is deserving of mention, that on the inside of the envelope covering these papers is a slight pencil sketch of a youthful figure in the dress of the period of Charles II., probably an outline, traced by the father, of the features of the son to whom he was penning his dying counsel, and transmitting his dying blessing. The letter to the son is only a fragment. Its composition appears to have been cut short by the arrival of the executioner.

We have much pleasure in adding the following strong testimony to Dr Cameron's character and attainments, from the high authority of Lord Campbell, given in a foot note p. 247, Vol. VI. of "The Lives of the Lord Chancellors," etc., mentioning that in the extract he is erroneously named Alexander, instead of Archibald.

"The subsequent execution of Dr Archd. Cameron, in 1753, I regard as a wanton atrocity. He was a man of literature and science, who, having studied surgery, had accompanied his brother, the famous Lochiel, into the field in 1745, that he might take care of him when wounded; and had escaped with Prince Charles, after the battle of Culloden. His name was included in the act of attainder, and he was appointed surgeon to a regiment in the French service. Some years after, in a time of profound tranquillity, when all real danger of Jacobitism had passed away, he visited his native country to arrange his private affairs, and, being betrayed, was sent to London, arraigned on the act of attainder, and without trial, executed as a traitor at Tyburn; displaying the brightest qualities of a philosopher and a Christian."

Note F.—Page 17.

LOCHIEL'S TENANTRY.

Since going to press, we have met with the record of a law-plea regarding a portion of his estate, in which Lochiel was engaged in 1792. Amid evidence on various other points, it is deponed that, on his being restored to his lands in 1784, all his tenantry except two—MacLachlan, Coruanain, and Cameron, Erracht—*voluntarily gave him an increase of rent;* and this they did while they held leases of these lands from the "Commissioners on Forfeited Estates." Such considerate generosity could hardly have been expected from "savages, slaves, and cut-throats!" It may be added, that the reason of Coruanain's not following the general example was his being a minor, and under trustees at the time.

Note G.—Page 21.

NUMBER OF SOLDIERS FURNISHED BY THE HIGHLANDS.

For confirmation of the apparently startling statement in the text, we refer to the "Sketches of the Character of the Highlanders," etc., etc., by the late General David Stewart of Garth, Vol. II., p. 439: "We thus find that . . . the whole corps embodied in the Highlands amounted to twenty-six battalions of fencible infantry, which, in addition to the *fifty battalions of the line*, three of reserve, and seven of militia, formed altogether a force of *eighty-six* Highland Regiments embodied in the course of the four wars in which Britain had been engaged since the Black Watch was regimented in 1740. From a first glance, the allowing of 1000 men to each of the eighty-six regiments would appear to come near the truth, but on a closer view it will be found to be far short of the actual number. . . . Several of the regiments had in the course of their service treble or quadruple their original number in their ranks. Thus, the 71st, the 72d, and the 73d, during the thirty-one years they were Highland—that is, from their formation in 1778 to 1809—had at the least 3000 Highlanders each; and other regiments had numbers in proportion to the length and nature of their service, both in tropical and temperate climates."

We may remark that the immense majority of all these men was raised within forty years, from 1777 to 1813; and especially would we observe that General Stewart's statements are not made at random, that they are to be relied on as perfectly accurate. He gives the place and date of the raising of every regiment, the number of men embodied, and frequently a full list of all the officers.

We know no man who, in a literary point of view, has deserved so well of the Highlands as General Stewart, in publishing the work from which we have quoted. Unfortunately, he has very few competitors; but judging of his work relatively or absolutely, it deserves the highest praise for elaborate research, and above all, for clear, definite, incontrovertible statement, given with true military frankness. We refer not so much to the commencement of the work, which treats of the character, manners, etc., of the Highlanders; but his "Military Annals" are beyond all praise.

The detailed account given of the original formation of the "Black Watch," their embodiment as the 42d Royal Highland Regiment, and the many deeds of dauntless heroism performed by them from Fontenoy to Waterloo, is itself deeply interesting and valuable. Besides, as we have noticed above, he records the raising of every other Highland regiment, and follows out the history of some of them with elaborate minuteness. He also gives, from public authentic sources, such incontrovertible proofs of the superior character of these regiments, showing how very rarely desertion or punishment found place among them—how often acts of rare fidelity and honour were performed by soldiers in the ranks—as to prove that these men deserved as much praise for high moral principle as for intrepidity in the field.

Most appropriately does he quote the words of the great Pitt on the subject of the Highland regiments: "I sought for merit wherever it was to be found; it is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state in the war before the last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world."

Many of General Stewart's anecdotes are exceedingly interesting, and highly illustrative of the olden time, and his book, taking it all in all, gives a fuller and fairer view of the real character of the Highlanders than any book we have ever met with. The circumstances in which he was placed enabled him to do justice to his subject. Of an ancient family, a landed proprietor, thoroughly acquainted with the language and the habits of his people, and at the same time a soldier who commanded Highlanders, in the most distant quarters of the world, from North America to the East Indies—he had the amplest opportunities of knowing them in every relation. Yet, strange to say, neither Baron Macaulay nor any other southern writer on the Highlands, that we know of, ever refers to "General Stewart's Sketches," while Burt's Letters are regarded as infallible oracles. The one was as favourably as the other was unfavourably situated for forming a correct judgment of the subject; but fiction is more exciting than facts, and exaggeration more telling than a simple natural delineation.

Before concluding our reference to General Stewart's book, we must remark that it forms an admirable foundation for a more extended work, for a true representation of Highland life and manners. In some respects it is necessarily a skeleton, presenting merely the name, rank, place, and period of death of the officers who led the first Highland regiments; but were this skeleton clothed in flesh and blood—were the surviving friends of many of these gallant men to give personal and home details of their lives, much might yet be done towards presenting a faithful picture—drawing up a true account of the Highlands from 1740 downwards.

From the appendix to this very interesting work we give the following list of the officers who belonged to the 92d, or Gordon Highlanders, at the original formation of the corps in 1794:—

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COMMANDANT, MARQUIS OF HUNTLY.

MAJORS.

Charles Erskine of Cardross, killed in Egypt in 1801.
Donald MacDonald of Boisdale, died in 1795.

CAPTAINS.

Alexander Napier of Blackstone, killed at Corunna in 1809.
John Cameron of Fassiefern, killed at Quatre Brâs in 1815.
Hon. John Ramsay, son of Lord Dalhousie, Colonel on half-pay.
Andrew Paton, retired.
William Mackintosh of Aberarder, killed in Holland in 1799.
Alexander Gordon, son of Lord Rockville, killed at Talavera in 1808, Lieutenant-Colonel of 83d regiment.
Simon MacDonald of Morer, retired, dead.

CAPTAIN-LIEUTENANT.

John Gordon, retired as Major.

LIEUTENANTS.

Peter Grant, died in 1817, Major on half-pay.
Archibald MacDonell, died in 1813, Lieutenant-Colonel of Veterans.
Alexander Stewart, Colonel on half-pay.
Sir John MacLean, Colonel, K.C.B., on half-pay.

Peter Gordon, died 1806.
Thomas Forbes, killed at Toulouse, 1814, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 45th regiment.
Ewen MacPherson, Lieutenant-Colonel Veterans.
George H. Gordon.

ENSIGNS.

Charles Dowle, died of wounds in Egypt, 1801.
George Davidson, killed at Quatre Brâs, 1815, Captain in the 42d regiment.
Archibald MacDonald, retired.
Alexander Fraser, killed 2d October, 1799.
William Tod, retired.
James Mitchell, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1815, retired in 1819.
Chaplain, William Gordon.
Quarter-Master, Peter Wilkie, died in 1806.
Surgeon, William Findlay, died in Egypt, 1801.

This list was drawn up by General Stewart in 1822. Few of those who founded and trained that brave regiment were alive even at that period, and we believe the thirty-five years which have since passed have swept them all away. Very few even of those who fought at Quatre Brâs and Waterloo survive to the present day.

We add one more statement as to the number of men contributed to the public service by the Highlands, which was published six years ago, by the Rev. Alexander MacGregor, now one of the ministers of Inverness, formerly minister of Kilmuir in Skye—a gentleman whose extensive and accurate knowledge of Highland statistics is well known—

"From the commencement of the late wars the island of Skye alone had furnished no fewer than 21 Lieutenant-Generals and Major-Generals, 48 Lieutenant-Colonels, 600 commissioned officers of inferior rank, and 10,000 foot-soldiers, 4 Governors of British Colonies, one Governor-General, one Adjutant-General, one Chief Baron of England, and one Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland."

NOTE H.—Page 31.

WHEN in Marmorice Bay a meeting took place between Cameron and a Turkish officer, so singular, alike in its opening and its close, that we consider it worth relating. We have to add, that though the relation seems to partake of the marvellous, it is strictly and literally true:—

As Cameron and another Highland officer were one day walking in the country at a few miles' distance from the Bay, they met a Turkish dignitary, evidently of high rank, attended by a numerous retinue, among whom was a train-bearer, carrying the skirts of his long-flowing white robe. The thorough contrast of such a dress to the scant *philabeg*, and the appearance of luxurious effeminacy which the whole scene presented, roused alike the contempt and ire of the Highlanders, one of whom said to the other, in their native tongue, which they of course believed to be unknown in Turkey: "Do you see the fellow with the tail? it is easy telling who his mother was, the lazy dog!" Greatly to their astonishment and confusion, the Turk promptly replied in Gaelic as genuine as their own: "Ay, my man, and what sort of mother may own you for her cub?" This was not a hopeful opening of a conference. The

sound of the Celtic tongue in Turkey, however, operated as a charm. Apologies were freely offered on one side, and frankly accepted on the other. The Turkish officer dined with the 92d on board ship next day, and requited their hospitality by sending them very handsome presents, among which were boat-loads of fruit, which, owing to the health of the troops at the time, proved particularly valuable. He told them that his name was Campbell—that he was a native of Lochaber, having been born in Fort-William—that he had left the place in early youth, and after a variety of adventures in different countries and climes, had entered the Turkish army, where he now held a high post in the artillery department.

This strange meeting with his countrymen awakened in him the long slumbering memories of home and kindred. He wrote to Fassiefern to make inquiry about any surviving relatives. None of them were found in that neighbourhood; but some, and in a most respectable position, were found in the neighbourhood of Campbelton, Argyleshire. They entered into correspondence with him; but we have not learned what the close of his career was, whether he re-visited his native land, or died in his adopted country.

An old Lochaber man, of whom we made inquiry on the subject, tells us that Campbell, when a boy in Fort-William, had quarrelled with one of his school-fellows, that they retired to some distance from the village to settle the dispute, and fought so fiercely that the other boy died soon after in consequence of the injuries received in the combat. Campbell immediately left the country, nor was he again heard of until the accidental rencontre with his countrymen in Marmorice Bay restored his connection with the scenes of his youth.

NOTE I.—Pages 32, 44.

WE found the following list in the pocket-book carried by Colonel Cameron at Quatre Brâs. It is dated at Alexandria, 24th September, 1801, and was evidently the first part of a complete roll of all the men that he had brought to the regiment when he first joined it. We have been unable to trace the remainder of it; but imperfect as it is, we insert it, both as fully proving what we have said about the minute interest he took in his men, and also as likely to prove interesting to the surviving relatives of these brave soldiers—

Name.	Where from.
Ewen Kennedy,	Moy.
Sergeant P. Ferguson,	Kinlocharkaig.
Sergeant A. Cameron,	Achnacarry.
Corporal A. Cameron,	Clunes.
John Cameron,	Murshirlach
Ewen MacMillan,	Glendessarie.
Corporal A. Cameron,	Glendessarie.
Donald Rankin,	Fort-William.
Corporal D. MacEachern,	Fort-William.
Sergeant E. Cameron,	Achnasaul.
Ewen Kennedy,	Fassiefern.
Angus Henderson,	Annat.
Duncan MacKenzie,	Balachulish.
Alex. Cameron,	Moy.
Sergeant D. Cameron,	Barr.
Corporal N. Cameron,	Invermaillie.
Alex. Kennedy,	Clunes.
Allan MacMaster,	Glenmaillie.
John MacPhie,	Glendessarie.

N.B.—Ewen MacMillan, Kinlocharkaig, died at Marmorice; Charles and John Cameron, Counich; Ewen Cameron, Glensulaig; and Donald Campbell, Barra, died at Aboukir.

It will at once strike any one perusing the above list as remarkable, that of the nineteen here mentioned, no fewer than eight were, within five years of the raising of the regiment, made Sergeants, or Corporals. More than this, as alluded to in the text, four of these were afterwards raised to the rank of commissioned officers—Ewen Kennedy, Moy, killed at Maya; Sergeant D. Cameron, Barr, who died in his native land only a few years ago, and left a most comfortable provision for his family; Alex. Cameron, Moy, who likewise died in his native land; and "Sergeant P. Ferguson, Kinlocharkaig," who recently died in the south.

We may further mention that "Sergeant A. Cameron, Achnacarry," was offered a commission, which, partly from diffidence, and partly from bad health, he declined. He is still living at Bunree, in his native parish, feeble and bed-ridden, but an uncommonly intelligent and respectable man.

"Angus Henderson, Annat," is the only other one we know of among the whole of the original Lochaber 92d men who still survives. He attained the rank of Sergeant, and earned several medals and decorations. From 1794 to 1815 he was present in no fewer than forty-four actions; but is hale and hearty, not yet to be despised in an action. He lives in Fort-William, where he is much respected by all who know him, and is in appearance, as well as from his uniformly decided conduct, an excellent specimen of "the stern valour of the 92d."

The following account of the conduct of the 92d at Waterloo, though, strictly speaking, not belonging to our subject, will be found interesting.

General Stewart, (Vol. ii. p. 273,) after describing their gallantry at Quatre Brâs, and the "loss of their brave commander," says, "At Waterloo, as at Quatre Brâs, the Gordon Highlanders were in the Ninth Brigade with the Royal Scots, the Royal Highlanders, and the 44th Regiment. After mentioning the defeat of the Belgians, which "left a large space open for the enemy," he says, "To occupy this space, . . . the third battalion of the Royal Scots, and second battalion of the 44th were ordered up. A sharp conflict of some duration ensued. The enemy's columns continuing to press forward, these two regiments lost many men, and expended their ammunition. General Pack, observing this, ordered up the Highlanders, calling out, 'Ninety-second, now is your time—charge!' The order was answered by a shout. The regiment instantly formed, and rushed to the front, against a column equal in length to their line, which was only two men in depth, while the column was ten or twelve. The enemy stood as if in suspense, till the Highlanders approached, when, seemingly panic-struck, they wheeled to the rear, and fled in the utmost confusion."

We give another extract from the "Battle of Waterloo," etc., by George Jones, Esq., R.A., p. 23 of the 11th edition:—"Towards the afternoon, when the 92d were reduced to scarce 200 men, a column of 2,000 of the enemy bore down upon them, when this chosen band charged this overwhelming force with their bayonets, penetrating into the centre of them; the Scots Greys, cheering the brave Highlanders, rushed forward to support them, driving the enemy back with great loss."

At page 58 of the same work, we find the following quotation from Viscount Vanderfosse giving a very high character of the Highland regiments generally—a character to which, as is well known, not merely Belgian, but even French authorities assent:—"On the 16th and 18th of June, 1815, their valour was displayed in a manner the most heroic. Multiplied, constant, and almost unheard-of proofs were given, I do not merely say of courage, but of devotion to their country, quite extraordinary and sublime; nor must we forget that these men, so terrible in the

field of battle, were mild and tranquil out of it." He previously says, "This honourable mention is due to their discipline, their mildness, their patience, their humanity, and their bravery without example."

NOTE K.—Page 82.

WE give the following eloquent and appropriate remarks on the effects which the bag-pipe produces on the feelings of the Highlanders, from the preface to MacDonald's "Ancient Martial Music of Scotland:"—

"In halls of joy, and in scenes of mourning it has prevailed; it has animated her (Scotland's) warriors in battle, and welcomed them back after their toils, to the homes of their love and the hills of their nativity. Its strains were the first sounded on the ears of infancy, and they are the last to be forgotten in the wanderings of age. Even Highlanders will allow that it is not the gentlest of instruments; but when far from their mountain homes, what sounds, however melodious, could thrill round their heart like one burst of their own wild native pipe? The feelings which other instruments awaken are general and undefined, because they talk alike to Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, and Highlanders, for they are common to all; but the bag-pipe is sacred to Scotland, and speaks a language which Scotsmen only feel. It talks to them of home and all the past, and brings before them, on the burning shores of India, the wild hills and oft-frequented streams of Caledonia, the friends that are thinking of them, and the sweethearts and wives that are weeping for them there! and need it be told here, to how many fields of danger and victory its proud strains have led! There is not a battle that is honourable to Britain in which its war-blast has not sounded. When every other instrument has been hushed by the confusion and carnage of the scene, it has been borne into the thick of battle, and, far in the advance, its bleeding but devoted bearer sinking on the earth, has sounded at once encouragement to his countrymen and his own coronach."

NOTE L.—Page 91.

BLIND ALLAN.

WE wish that we could accord to all the compositions of this Bard the praise which we have bestowed on his Elegy to Colonel Cameron. Regard to the interests of morality compels us, however, to say that several of his lays, however harmonious in language, are, like too many of the compositions of far greater poets, disfigured by licentiousness of sentiment, and thus deserving of all reprobation.

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Clerk, Archibald
Memoir of Colonel
John Cameron 2d ed.

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